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The Nation.

February 7, 1981 $1

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EDITORIAL

AMERICANS WHO STAYED

"Let terrorists be aware that when the rules of international behavior are violated, our policy will be one of swift and effective retribution." So said Ronald Reagan at a White House ceremony welcoming home the former hostages. But he made no mention of the kidnap-murders of six Americans in El Salvador by soldiers or right-wing terrorists.

Following the deaths of the four Catholic women, the U.S. Government suspended military aid to the El Salvadoran junta, promising that it would not be resumed until a full investigation had been conducted. The investigation was never completed, the culprits never identified. Instead, on January 14, President Carter restored $5 million in "non-lethal" military aid; on January 17, helicopters, rifles, grenade launchers and ammunition were sent to the Salvadoran military, enabling it to put down an offensive by the Farabundo Marti Liberation Movement. In his final speech in office, President Carter defended his human-rights policies, even as he authorized more arms for junta forces that have slaughtered 10,000 Salvadorans in the past year.

Possibly the guerrilla offensive failed to draw popular support, as reported; nonetheless, the anti-junta Democratic Revolutionary Front, a coalition of left and center groups, represents the people's only hope for deliverance from the brutal rule of the military and its figurehead president, José Napoleón Duarte. Reagan seems bent on polarizing Central America into cold-war camps. That could happen if he carries out his pledge to ship even more arms to the junta and cancel American aid to Nicaragua.

As for American citizens abroad, the message has gone out: If you are a right-wing terrorist, go ahead and shoot them; we'll reward you with even more arms and ammunition.

GOODBYE, HOLLYWOOD
Ring Lardner Jr.

RE-ORGANIZATION MAN
Robert Townsend

JEANE'S DESIGNS
Alan Wolfe

THE U.S. AND EAST TIMOR
Arnold Kohen

THE NITRITE FIASCO
Ralph W. Moss

GRENADA
Stephen Kinzer

NUCLEAR WEAPONS ACCIDENTS

THE H-BOMBS NEXT DOOR

STEPHEN TALBOT

My assignment from the KQED news editor was simple and a bit unusual for public television: Find out if nuclear weapons are stored at the Concord Naval Weapons Station and if they pose any danger to local residents. "Can do, sir!" I said, not mentioning that I had no idea where the Concord base was. Two weeks later I was well acquainted with the site: nearly 13,000 acres with deceptively pastoral California hills, earth-covered weapons bunkers and a herd of Tule elk on the windy shore of Suisun Bay about thirty-five miles east of San Francisco. My film crew and I had been detained there for six hours by Navy and Marine guards, agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation had confiscated our film, the U.S. Attorney's office was threatening to prosecute us on espionage and Federal trespassing charges and I had confirmed that Concord is a major nuclear weapons storage and shipment facility.

In the course of my investigation I learned that an active earthquake fault runs less than two miles west of the weapons depot; aqueducts delivering drinking water to more than one million people flow through the base and would be subject to radioactive contamination in the event of a nuclear weapons accident; and there is no evacuation plan for the more than 200,000 residents of the adjoining town of Concord and other neighboring suburban communities.

Even more disturbing was what employees of the base told me about inadequate safety and emergency procedures at Concord and on board the seven ammunition ships based there. They charged that on-site training for a potential nuclear weapons accident is woefully insufficient; radiation-detection meters are faulty;

(Continued on Page 143)

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LETTERS.

ACADEMIC ENTREPRENEURS

Cambridge, Mass.

Your article on biotechnology [Joel Gurin and Nancy E. Pfund, "Bonanza in the Bio Lab," *The Nation*, Nov. 22, 1980] is timely and, on the whole, fair. All the more reason to point out a few flaws.

First and most important, Harvard did not "announce plans" for going "commercial" with biology. What was announced (this summer) was a *proposal* to consider Harvard's becoming a minority stockholder in a commercial venture along these lines. Harvard announced on November 18 that the proposal had been rejected. Hence the effect of the first paragraph of your piece is less than if it had not contained the exaggeration it does.

But, second, I am startled at the suggestion that department chairmen should censure entrepreneurs, and wonder at its relevance to the general discussion. As a sometime Harvard chairman myself, I'd rather encourage entrepreneurs of all kinds. And third, the excellent recommendation is made that potential conflicts of interest should be made public, but only for biologists. Considering how deeply ingrained such situations already are in, say, physics or economics, this is much too narrow. Let it be a general principle, but don't pick on biologists.

An easy bit of sensationalizing comes in the quotes from Cambridge City Councilor Al Vellucci, typical for him but not otherwise notable. But whatever he said, he didn't deserve to have his name misspelled, twice.

Karl V. Teeter

GURIN AND PFUND REPLY

Somerville, Mass.

When our article went to press, Harvard was still actively considering a plan to reap commercial benefits from the university's genetic research. Although the proposal was preliminary—a fact that we think is clear in our article—it was widely publicized, even receiving front-page treatment in *The New York Times.* Harvard's proposal served to make legitimate the institutionalization of commercial activity within a university setting. The university abandoned its plan for fear that it could "jeopardize our academic integrity," in President Derek Bok's words; but other institutions may not be so circumspect.

Although he may be a "sometime Harvard chairman," Professor Teeter's field is linguistics, not biology. Were he a biologist, Teeter might have witnessed the problems that have resulted from entrepreneurship in that field, which our article amply documents. As for conflict of interest issues, we were not "picking on" biologists; we were simply writing an article about them, rather than about physicists or economists.

Councilor Vellucci expresses himself in a pithier, more quotable style than most academicians do, but he was hardly alone in his criticism of the Harvard plan. An editorial in *The Washington Star* suggested that Harvard change its motto from *veritas* to *cupiditas.* More significantly, Harvard's own faculty turned down the proposal, at least partly because they feared it would give the university too commercial an image. Were they, too, "sensationalizing" the issues?

Joel Gurin and Nancy E. Pfund

CARTER'S DOCTRINES

Missoula, Mont.

The article by Prof. Alan Wolfe, "The Many Doctrines of Carter" [*The Nation*, Dec. 6, 1980], is one of the finest, most incisive articles I've ever read in any magazine. It should be made available in reprint form.

Among the article's other attributes is the one that it made people such as the undersigned have no feeling of guilt (whatsoever) because we voted for one of the independent candidates—in my own case this being John Anderson. Ronnie may not be any improvement, but Wolfe's article convinced me that he couldn't be any worse.

Bill Fisher

P.L.O. AT FAULT

Orange, New Jersey

I am tired of reading the type of statement found in "The Many Doctrines of Carter" by Alan Wolfe: "There will be no peace in the world until a settlement is arranged between the Israelis and the Palestinians. No settlement, in turn, can be arranged until international pressure is brought upon Israel to accept one." Wolfe then attempts to justify his position with this non sequitur: "My emphasis here is on Israel, not because I hold that country solely responsible for the impasse—in that part of the world, everyone is at fault—but because the Palestinians have no territory to concede." Can Wolfe really mean this? The Palestine Liberation Organization was formed and today exists solely for the complete annihilation of Israel and will not concede this position. Therefore, Wolfe says, Israel must concede, accommodate itself to P.L.O. demands and thus graciously assist in its own demise!

Steven Plaut, in an Op-Ed article in the November 26 *New York Times*, raised some pertinent questions that Wolfe might try to answer. Here is one: "Why is it that West Bank residents did not need a homeland when it was illegally held by Jordan before 1967, yet suddenly developed this need after the 1967 Arab-Israeli war?" Plaut quotes a P.L.O. source: "We [the P.L.O.] were established to liberate Jaffa, Haifa, Ramle and the Negev," and comments that it is curious that Palestinians only need a "homeland" when that means Israeli strategic losses and vulnerability.

It seems that the longer the Palestinians make uncompromising demands, and the more murderous their intent and action, the more willing some people will be to concede Israeli lives and land.

Estelle R. Yelin

WOLFE REPLIES

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Israel and the P.L.O. are not equally at fault in the Middle East impasse, for one simple reason: Israel is a state and Palestine is not. Ms. Yelin asks that P.L.O. rhetoric be considered, but actions speak louder than words, and Israel has taken most of the offensive actions. Israel can and will exist, Palestinian state or no. How Israel exists is a more important question, and, as a Jew, I hate to see Israel hopelessly becoming even more of an imperialist, racist and militarist state.

One need not search far to answer Mr. Plaut's question. There is a difference between Arab and non-Arab. Jordan is an Arab country in an Arab world; Israel is not. The Palestinians probably care about such things, even if Ms. Yelin does not.

Alan Wolfe

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EDITORIALS.

Empire and Honor

The lives of the fifty-two American hostages have been spared and for this simple redemption of human life we must all rejoice. Otherwise, the hostage affair must be adjudged one of the dreariest episodes in the annals of American statecraft. As the networks spew out their instant clichés and the umpteenth interview with a hostage family member on the subject of whether they are tired of media attention, we find it difficult to join in the general patriotic euphoria.

We find little to be proud of in the conduct of our Government throughout the entire affair. But then, neither can the Iranian people take any great satisfaction from the behavior of theirs. The accounts on both sides of the ledger show a humiliating deficit. Yet neither country seems ready to ponder the harsh lessons of this fourteen-month exercise in futility. Politicians in Teheran and Washington alike seek instead to drain the last dregs of chauvinism from the cup.

How hollow the fulminations about national victory and honor issuing from Teheran and Washington. Iran's losses have been considerable, and it is difficult to perceive any tangible or intangible gains on their side. They asked for the return of the Shah, a restitution to Iran of his properties, and an apology from the United States for its past intervention in Iran. They won none of these original demands. On the contrary, in the end their posture was entirely defensive. The final negotiations between the United States and Iran concerned primarily the unfreezing and disposition of Iranian assets frozen by President Carter in punishment for the hostage-taking. And even on this they settled on unfavorable terms. Three-fourths of the unfrozen Iranian assets will remain in the United States to pay for the bank loans and to meet the other contractual obligations of the late Shah. In a settlement unparalleled in the history of international banking, the twelve financial giants who extended large credits to the Shah ($3.7 billion, mostly to buy American arms) were relieved of the loans made several years ago at lower rates. Other banks and corporations are assured of payments on their claims from an escrow fund of $1.4 billion. As for the properties and assets belonging to the Shah and other high officials of his Government, the provisions in the agreement

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make it well-nigh impossible for Iran to reclaim any significant amount. Never before had a modern revolution paid for the extravagances of the *ancien régime*. Even in China, after a lengthy controversy, the United States ended up with only a fraction of its claims.

As successful as the Iranian militants were in their public demonstrations of the "Great Satan's" helplessness, one must conclude that the cost of humiliating the United States was very high indeed. The Iranian revolution, which seemed to be moving in a progressive direction before the seizure of the American Embassy, is today tottering above a Robespierrean abyss. The rash of summary executions, arbitrary arrests and periodic press censorship has reduced even the most moderate of Iran's current leaders to demagogic posturing—witness President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr's belated claim that he could have cut a better deal than his rival, Prime Minister Mohammad Ali Rajai. The conservative band of clerics led by Ayatollah Mohammed Beheshti, who so adeptly used the hostages in their political warfare against a democratically elected President, must now face the problems they have evaded so long and indeed helped make worse—primarily, governing a country at war with itself and its Iraqi neighbor. Clerical misrule may jeopardize for decades whatever potential existed for social and economic reforms following the collapse of the Pahlevi dynasty.

American losses are more subtle, and have to do with our larger role as a nation, and how honorably we will play it in the years to come. An act of hostage-taking does not occur in a social-political vacuum. And yet our President, our former President and the media encourage the American people to believe that the occupation of the American Embassy in Teheran was an arbitrary and perverse act of mindless religious fanatics. Our society, though secure and powerful (unlike Iran's), still seems incapable of understanding the climate of desperation in which such extremism flourishes elsewhere in the world. Most Americans seem incapable of comprehending that our own Government could have played any part in creating an environment of hatred in modern Iran, of which we became the target. To acknowledge that the millions of shouting Iranians outside the embassy, who were seen nightly on American television, held real and burning grievances against America—some justified, some not—would compel us to recognize the central fact of our postwar role in the world. This role has been an imperial one, from which Americans—primarily our multinational corporations—derived economic benefits and which required at times molding the destinies of other nations to fit our ends. Nowhere was this more evident than in Iran, where "our" Central Intelligence Agency imposed "our" Shah on the Iranian people. The revolution was one offspring of that act, and the taking of the hostages another, though a misbegotten one.

If we belabor the thesis of American empire, it is only because there is nothing more dangerous in this nuclear age than such an empire behaving childishly out of national frustration and pique disguised as national honor and pride. Throughout most of those 442 days—until, finally, serious, secret negotiations were joined—our Government engaged in transparent posturing and truculence; it issued threats it never intended—or was capable of—carrying out. Common sense told us from the beginning that the use of military force would rescue only a highly inflated sense of national pride, not fifty-two American lives. In acts of international kidnapping, force is rarely a feasible option. The Israeli rescue mission at Entebbe was a well-drilled, courageous operation, but the conditions were far more propitious for success than they were in Iran, where the hostages were imprisoned under tight security in the heart of a large city. The only acccomplishment of that tragic helicopter operation in the desert last April (more stillborn than aborted) was to bring home to the American people the utter futility of military power in this situation—a costly lesson indeed in terms of the eight men who died.

Now a clamor has gone up among the politicians and conservative pundits to renounce the agreement that freed the hostages. Although the Potomac firebrands may change their minds after reading the polls showing that most people approve of the settlement, one should never underestimate the power of demagogy to cause mischief.

The idea that we should toss a laboriously crafted agreement in the trash can because of the reported abuses the hostages suffered amounts to bowing to the chaotic passions of the moment; it has little to do with any cool calculations of the national interest. The legal complexity of the settlement provides a fine pretext for runaway demagogy, and good sense will be hard-pressed to catch up. But the simple facts are that in an imperfect world a fitting retribution or indemnity for pain and suffering is rarely achieved. To break our national word would sully America's diplomatic credibility, insult the Algerians who played such a vital role in forging the agreement, needlessly alienate Third World opinion and confirm the darker side of America's image abroad—that of an irrational and petulant giant.

The national crisis just ended should have, at the very least, compelled us as a nation to face up to and learn from the hatred foreign peoples feel for our far-flung economic empire. That it has not is a real national tragedy. □

Up the Reorganization!

Jimmy Carter went to Washington promising to reorganize the Federal Government and trim the bureaucracy. The rest is history: a bigger bureaucracy than ever. Now Ronald Reagan has come to town, trailing the same promises. Will he have any more success at eliminating "fat and waste"? Robert Townsend, author of Up the Organization! *and former president of Avis Rent A Car, offers some expert testimony in the matter. We had sent him for comment a panicky internal memorandum of the Commerce Department, generated at a time when the Carter cost-cutters "had Commerce on their hit list," in the words of the memo's author. Nothing came of the Administra-*

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tion's plans, of course; Commerce survived and waxed fat. Townsend, however, was prompted to recall a prophetic experience of his own.

—The Editors

The Commerce Department memorandum is interesting as an example of the survival instinct. The question raised is never, "Are we doing enough for our clients to justify our existence?" or even, "How can we change to become more useful?" It is, rather, "What does the present power structure think of us and how can we improve appearances?"

I'm reminded of a telephone call I got in October 1976 from someone from the Jimmy Carter for President Committee. The conversation went like this:

JC4PC: Mr. Townsend, we'd like to put your name on the list for chairman of the Civil Service Commission if we win next month. As you know, Jimmy has promised to try to reorganize the Federal bureaucracies and he believes the man in this job could help a lot. Would you take the job, if it were offered?

Me: I don't know. Let me ask you a couple of questions. Does it make a difference that I'm not a Democrat?

JC4PC: No. It's a nonpartisan job.

Me: How about that I'm not registered to vote and have no intention of voting for anybody, including Jimmy Carter?

JC4PC: Doesn't make any difference, but out of curiosity, why do you feel that way about voting in general and Jimmy Carter in particular?

Me: I'm waiting for the choice on the ballot of not filling the office at all and giving the money back to the taxpayers. Also, a citizenry who could re-elect Nixon by a landslide is clearly beyond the pale. As for Carter, I have no feelings at all except my conviction that anyone sick enough to want to be President is clearly unfit for the job. Still want to put my name on the list?

JC4PC: Yup.

Me: I guess my main reservation is that nobody in the Carter camp, or anywhere else for that matter, seems to realize what it would take to bring about a reorganization of a bureaucracy.

JC4PC: What do you mean?

Me: Well, without some outrageous moves, any attempt will just make matters worse.

JC4PC: What kind of outrageous moves?

Me: Well, you don't just go up on the Hill and say we're thinking of reorganizing this, that and the other. You pink-slip an entire department, padlock the building, post signs saying that whatever work was being done in this building isn't being done *anywhere* any more. *Then* you advise the appropriate Congressional committees and the press what you've done. As I see it, the effort would be parceled out among several task forces: the looking-for-parts-of-the-Government-to-shut-down task force; the seeing-that-the casualties-got-their-severance-pay-and-were-advised-of-relocation-opportunities task force; the calculating-the-costs-and-benefits-of-shutdowns-honestly-and-advising-the-White-House-the-Congress-and-the-press-of-the-results-especially-when-unpleasant-or-adverse task force, and the shutting-down-and-making-sure-it-*stays*-shut-down task force.

JC4PC: Are there no other ways?

Me: Innumerable. But they all accomplish nothing or make things worse. Tinkering with an organization only makes it grow larger and develop new survival muscles. Still want to put my name on your list?

JC4PC: Yup.

Note: I wasn't offered the job.

ROBERT TOWNSEND

Jeane's Designs

Henry Kissinger . . . Zbigniew Brzezinski . . . Jeane Kirkpatrick. Different genders, different parties, different Presidents, different jobs, but they all have one thing in common: each was a political scientist before choosing to serve power.

Kissinger was the only one who did not have Kissinger as a role model. Operating in unfamiliar terrain, he first made himself known as a scholar; tenure at Harvard seemed the highest ambition to which he could aspire. He did not get it, at least on his first attempt.

Brzezinski also taught at Harvard, but moved to Columbia in a trade for Samuel P. Huntington, and established his own academic reputation as a theoretician of social change. Teaching for eight years in New York while his archrival was transforming the globe from Washington, Brzezinski was torn between the world of ideas and the world of power. And so he kept one foot in each, writing books and articles that were in part scholarly disquisitions and in part expressions of his willingness to serve in government.

With Kirkpatrick, scholarship was always secondary to the drive for power. Twelve years after receiving her doctorate from Columbia (in the same year that Kissinger went to work for Nixon), when most of her graduate-school colleagues were lucky to be associate professors, she was appointed American Ambassador to the United Nations.

The less the political-science profession studied power, the more its practitioners became attracted to the exercise of it. Political science in the United States began as a form of service to government, training administrators to work in the public interest. But the professors themselves, despite occasional trips to Washington to chair a commission or to serve on leave, considered themselves part of the academic community, subject to its rules of conduct. Charles Merriam, the premier political scientist-public servant of the first half of this century, was an institutional fixture at the University of Chicago.

Just as the Great Depression transformed the economics profession, turning out "activist" Keynesians determined to fine-tune the economy, so World War II and the emergence of imperial America revolutionized the political scientist, pointing him toward Washington and the need to fine-tune the world. Typical of the new breed of activists were two brothers, Lyman and Evron Kirkpatrick. The former served

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for years with the Central Intelligence Agency. The latter, Jeane's husband, was Hubert Humphrey's campaign manager when he ran for mayor of Minneapolis and moved to Washington with Senator Humphrey in 1948. (Humphrey ran as a vociferous anti-Communist in these years.) Evron Kirkpatrick became executive director of the American Political Science Association and was also active in a C.I.A. front called Operations and Policy Research Inc. When a motion was introduced in the American Political Science Association calling on Kirkpatrick to sever his connections with the C.I.A. because they were causing research difficulties for political scientists, especially in the Third World, it was defeated, and a motion praising his patriotism was passed. Most political scientists, it seemed, wanted to work for the C.I.A.

In a tribute to affirmative action, Evron Kirkpatrick's career as a servant of the powerful was surpassed by that of his wife, whom he married in 1955. In the hothouse atmosphere of Washington, Jeane Kirkpatrick became an intensely political academic. In the 1960s, when cold-war liberalism reigned in the capital, she was a cold-war liberal. No doubt her shift to the right was sincere; how fortunate for her, then, that power in Washington also shifted to the right. Kirkpatrick published a couple of books and wrote articles, but unlike Kissinger or Brzezinski, she never made a major contribution to political theory.

Nonetheless, she was an academic success, of a unique sort. Before assuming the U.N. post, she was Leavy Professor of the Foundations of Human Freedom at Georgetown University and a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, both institutions somewhat suspect as centers of independent thought but both quite respected as centers of power and influence. She could not have been unaware of Hans Morgenthau's dictum that "truth threatens power, and power threatens truth," for Kirkpatrick's published work is *The Prince* without the Borgias, a sycophantic attempt to flatter the prejudices of the powerful. Kirkpatrick is not one to allow truth to stand in the way of her mission.

Nowhere is Kirkpatrick's low regard for fact better illustrated than in the famous article "Dictatorships & Double Standards" (*Commentary*, November 1979), which brought her to the attention of Ronald Reagan. A reader of this article will learn that the Chinese leadership is "hostile to American interests and policies," which might surprise both them and us. Ayatollah Khomeini is described as a "Soviet client," which might equally surprise the Russians. The hypothesis that "traditional authoritarian governments are less repressive than revolutionary autocracies" is offered as a truth for which "the evidence . . . is clear enough." Yet no one, to my knowledge, has demonstrated that the Sandinists in Nicaragua and the revolutionaries in Iran—the two countries that occupy Kirkpatrick's main attention in this article—killed or imprisoned more people than the dictatorships they replaced. Kirkpatrick's chauvinism—her article suggests that Third World nations are incapable of democracy, and are thus doomed to a choice between their autocrats and ours—makes her unqualified to understand what the great majority of the world's people are thinking.

In January 1981, Kirkpatrick published, again in *Commentary,* a retread of her article, this time calling it "U.S. Security and Latin America." In it she charges that practically every disturbance in Latin America except the earthquake in Managua was caused by the Carter Administration. The latter did not merely "lose" Nicaragua, as the Democrats once "lost" China, but actively worked to bring the Somoza regime down. The Nicaraguans themselves had little to do with it. Latin American countries are lumped together, their differences muted over, and all are judged to be prone to violence, instability and coups. (The Mexicans, it must be noted, elect presidents who serve out their full terms, and rumor has it that the last major Latin American democracy, in Chile, was overturned with some outside help.) Because the Carter Administration based its American policies on "ideology," vital U.S. interests are threatened by possible Cuban victories in Martinique and Guadeloupe.

Reading Jeane Kirkpatrick's polemics requires a glossary; for her, words like freedom, ideology and socialism take on a new meaning. (On a radio talk show she denounced the junta in El Salvador as socialist.) Yet it is unfair to apply normal standards of reality to her work, for she does not write her articles with reality in mind. Her reflections in *Commentary* have as much to do with scholarship as an ad for Toyota and bear the same relationship to truth as a publisher's blurb. Like Antonio Salieri, who spoke to God through Mozart, Kirkpatrick was speaking to Ronald Reagan through Norman Podhoretz. Her task was to impress the man she quite acutely saw as our next President—North America she does understand—and since that man was already hooked on mystification and denial, she can only be judged by how successful she was at distortion. In view of her appointment to the U.N., she did well.

Ambition, we are told by Joseph Epstein and Podhoretz, needs a better reputation. Jeane Kirkpatrick should perform wonders for it. There is a difference between making it and having made it. Now that the *Commentary* folks finally are in power—Kirkpatrick has already appointed frequent contributor Carl Gerschman as her deputy—they will presumably be too busy to write articles.

"Power," Hans Morgenthau said in 1966, "needs truth to be wise and great." Morgenthau, one of America's most distinguished political scientists, was never honored by his own profession with the presidency of the American Political Science Association, for he was a man incapable of denying what his emphasis on realism compelled him to see. Intellectuals *should* be political; advocacy is to be encouraged. But activism is not Kirkpatrick's flaw. For her, the devotion to truth that made Morgenthau both a great thinker and a man who could not work for any administration does not exist. As a result, Ronald Reagan's exercise of power, insofar as it reflects Jeane Kirkpatrick's views, will be ignorant and callow.

ALAN WOLFE

Alan Wolfe is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

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VARIATIONS.

CALVIN TRILLIN

My initial response to the appearance of *The Official Preppy Handbook*, now a paperback best seller, was quite simple: I don't need any preppies to tell me about preppies, thank you very much. As Frank Boyden, the legendary headmaster of the Deerfield School, said upon his retirement after eighty-nine years at the helm, "I know from preppies already." Lists of appropriate names for heirs and cutesy nicknames for debutantes are not enlightening to someone whose freshman roommate in college—a quarter of a century ago—had three last names and a sister called Caca. To quote what Dr. Boyden had to say on an entirely different matter (the signing of the Declaration of Independence), "I vas dere, Sharlie."

All of the basic research on this subject was completed by the middle fifties in New Haven, Connecticut—most of it by me. We didn't use the word "preppy" then, of course. That word was more or less invented in 1970 by Erich Segal in *Love Story*, the trash classic that also popularized the phrase "Love is not having to call me a schlockmeister." We didn't have a word for preppies at all; there were too many to call anything. In those days, someone in New Haven who wanted to study preppyism found himself in the position of a tax-shelter salesman at a medical convention: the prospects were thick on the ground.

My most intense observation, though, was of my roommate, Thatcher Baxter Hatcher (nickname: Tush) and his sister—whose real name, of course, was not Caca but Baxter Thatcher Hatcher. Tush and Caca were completely open about answering my questions, even those that might have been brushed aside as too personal by people not as carefully brought up to be courteous ("If you folks are so rich, Tush, why don't any of you have a first name?"). They reminded me of those Hottentots I had seen in *National Geographic* joking and making faces while a clutch of anthropologists poked around at their rib cages and put calipers to their craniums. Of course, misunderstandings are always possible in the area of research that historians and scientists usually footnote as "personal communication." When Tush informed me, for instance, that after the war (Second World) his family no longer bothered to dress for dinner every evening, I thought he meant that they ate in their underwear ("My mom'd never let us come to the table like that, Tush, and I'm talking about Kansas City").

Tush's openness, though, soon led to my breakthrough on the origin of the characteristic preppy accent: I realized that he was being closemouthed about his background only in the sense that his mouth was almost literally closed. He didn't seem to need to open it to talk. After some attempt at amateur speech therapy ("Tush, you're going to have to round out those vowels a little, old guy; you sound like someone who just ate his way out of a case of Skippy chunk-style") and a few attempts to josh him out of it ("Tush, old buddy, I don't mind you imitating a ventriloquist, but does your dummy have to speak Latvian?"), I began some investigations which led to the discovery that at the age of 12 every boy at St. Paul's School or Groton has his jaw broken with one clean stroke of a wooden mallet wielded by a man whose previous job was stunning the cattle at the Kansas City stockyards just before they are dispatched. I left it to other researchers to divine the significance, if any, in the fact that 12 is precisely the age at which every Hottentot boy has his ear lobes lowered and "Mom" tattooed on his left forearm.

I was also the investigator who did all of the basic work on preppy taste in food—having completed, by 1957, most of the research involved in what is now routinely referred to as the White Bread Effect. The breakthrough in this case came during a wedding reception at the Piping Rock Club, on the north shore of Long Island, when, in an effort to compliment the mother of the bride on the spread she had arranged to have put before us, I said, "Mrs. Thatcher, the Velveeta cheese slices on pieces of quartered day-old Wonder Bread are absolutely marvelous." It was at that moment that I put together the theory that became the underpinning of the White Bread Effect: At American weddings, the quality of the food is in inverse proportion to the social position of the bride and groom.

As I grumbled recently about the handbookists of the moment having arrived at the study of *preppismo* rather late in the game, I realized that I was surprised that the game was still going on. I had always assumed that after the era that scholars refer to as The Golden Age of Preppies (circa 1953-57), the number of preppies around gradually diminished as the admission offices of established Eastern colleges gradually put themselves at risk to the perils of democracy. I don't mean that I thought preppies had become extinct—I run into old Tush Hatcher now and then when he takes his son, young Tushie, to midtown for his mumbling lessons—but I assumed the preppy population was considerably reduced in size and influence, like the population of panda bears or officers of the British Colonial Service.

Wrong again. There seem to be more preppies than ever. There are more people who want to consider themselves preppies even though they are not properly placed in the subspecies St. Grottlesex—furriers' sons who go to day school in the Bronx, crackers named Billy Joe who attended the second oldest seg academy in Waycross, Georgia. The garment sharks fob off crew-neck sweaters on Irish secretaries as part of the preppy look. Is some natural law at work—the same natural law under which fifty years of tax reform has produced more millionaires who don't pay taxes than there ever were before?

Preppies are back. I read in the Inauguration coverage that chinchilla coats and ten-thousand-dollar ball gowns are also back. Will everything now come back? Child labor? The Spanish-American War? Could this be what Ronald Reagan means by a new beginning? Will all of us have to eat Velveeta on stale Wonder Bread at wedding receptions?

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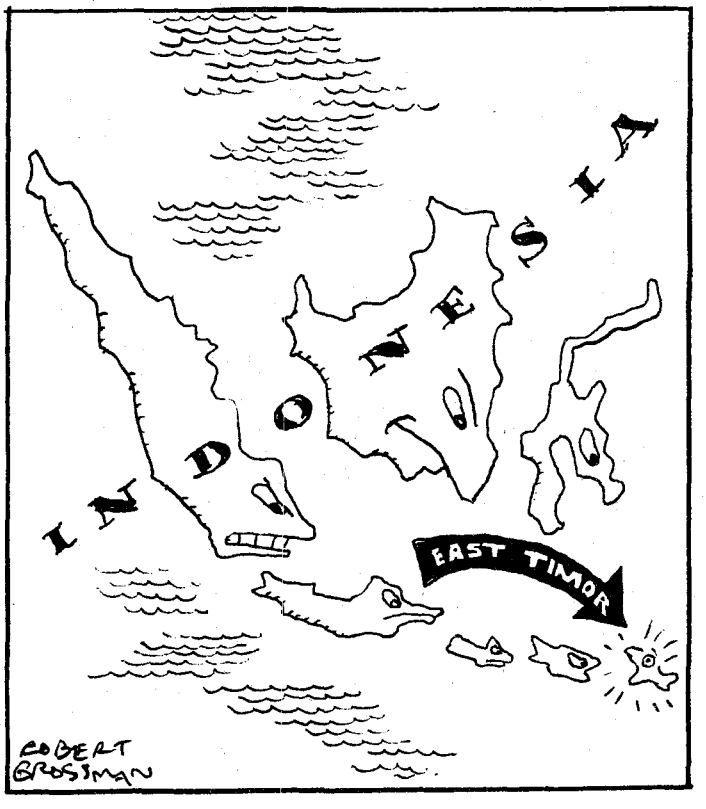
ARTICLES.

THE U.S. INVOLVEMENT

Invitation to A Massacre in East Timor

ARNOLD KOHEN

The five-year Indonesian military occupation of the former Portuguese colony of East Timor has resulted in a death toll of at least one-tenth of the territory's 690,000 people, according to official Indonesian figures; church sources put the number at one in three or even higher. Little more than a year ago, international relief officials were comparing the situation in East Timor, which broke away from centuries of Portuguese rule after the April 1974 coup in Lisbon, to cataclysms in Biafra and Cambodia. (Since then, relief operations have reportedly rescued an estimated 300,000 people, but conditions remain delicate.) Many—if not most—of the survivors are confined to Indonesian-guarded "resettlement" camps. The International Red Cross is still denied access to prisons in the territory, while Amnesty International receives fresh accounts of large-scale summary executions of surrendered or captured Timorese guerrillas and the "disappearance" of others who had taken no part in the fighting.



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

There has long been evidence of deep American involvement in this catastrophe. [See Kohen, "The Cruel Case of Indonesia," *The Nation*, Nov. 26, 1977.] The United States supplied most of the military equipment used by the Indonesian forces in the December 1975 invasion, and in their continuing efforts to stamp out the nationalist resistance Indonesian President Suharto—ruler of a strategically located, staunchly anti-Communist OPEC nation with the world's fifth largest population—has also received key U.S. diplomatic backing for his Timor stance. At the United Nations (which still rejects Indonesia's claim to sovereignty over East Timor), U.S. opposition to repeated resolutions, calling for Indonesian withdrawal and respect for self-determination, has helped render them ineffective. At Congressional hearings, State Department officials have gone to great lengths in their attempts to mask the nature of the Indonesian occupation.

But the U.S. role goes further. Material has recently surfaced in a collection of official Australian documents that strongly suggests that diplomatic efforts by Henry Kissinger's State Department might have prevented the Timor tragedy. The documents also show that the Australian Department of Defense knew well in advance that an Indonesian invasion would be a bloody affair. This information was almost certainly shared with their American counterparts in light of the formal military alliance between Canberra and Washington.

The disclosures are contained in a new book, *Documents on Australian Defense and Foreign Policy, 1968-75.* After several hundred copies of the book were sold, Australia's High Court, in response to a Government request, issued an injunction barring its distribution and the publication of excerpts in two major newspapers. It was the first such ban in peacetime. In another unusual action, the Government obtained an injunction against the London-based weekly *The New Statesman*, but most copies of the issue containing the excerpts had already been distributed.

The book covers a host of subjects, notably the U.S.-Australian defense relationship. Yet in his brief to the court, the head of Canberra's Foreign Affairs Department stated that the documents the Government wanted suppressed dealt mainly with Indonesia and East Timor. In its most recent ruling, the High Court affirmed that the media are free to cite information contained in the documents, but prohibited distribution of or excerption from the book on copyright grounds. (In Australia, Government documents are protected by copyright.)

Just how touchy these documents are can be seen in a cable that was sent in August 1975 to the Foreign Affairs Department by the Australian Ambassador to Indonesia, R. A. Woolcott. (An abbreviated version of this cable was leaked to the Australian press in 1976, and appeared in Noam Chomsky and Edward Herman's *The Political*

Arnold Kohen is a Washington, D.C., writer working on a book about United States policy in East Timor.

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PREMIER ISSUE

WINTER 1980/81
VOL. 1 NO. 1

Free Inquiry

A Secular Humanist Declaration

Excerpts *(for full text see page 3)*

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Economy of Human Rights.) At the High Court, the cable as a whole was described by a Government spokesman as having "overriding sensitivity"—as was the rest of the book's Timor chapter. Here is a portion of that cable:

> The United States might have some influence on Indonesia at present as Indonesia really wants and needs United States assistance in its military re-equipment program. But Ambassador [David] Newsom told me last night that he is under instructions from Kissinger personally not to involve himself in discussions on Timor with the Indonesians on the grounds that the United States is involved in enough problems of greater importance overseas at present. The State Department has, we understand, instructed the embassy to cut down its reporting on Timor.
>
> I will be seeing Newsom on Monday but his present attitude is that [the] United States should keep out of the Portuguese Timor situation and allow events to take their course. His somewhat cynical comment to me was that if Indonesia were to intervene the United States would hope they would do so "effectively, quickly and not use our equipment."

Ambassador Newsom, who during the Carter Administration rose to Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, the State Department's third ranking position, and his superiors were to be disappointed on all three counts. Indonesian military operations continue at this moment. It took nearly four years before authorities in the Indonesian capital, Jakarta, would allow a handful of full-time foreign observers limited access to the territory. (Because of a reported upsurge in fighting, the Indonesian regime may soon clear foreign observers out of East Timor once again.) And the reference to American military equipment had to have been either fantasy or disingenuousness on the part of Kissinger's State Department: Indonesian forces would have been unable to carry out major military operations without extensive use of U.S. materiel, and could not do so today. In Congressional testimony, a State Department legal adviser has admitted that at the time of the 1975 invasion, Jakarta was "armed roughly 90 percent with our equipment." U.S. weapons aid has since been substantially increased, notably in the form of OV-10 "Bronco" counterguerrilla aircraft.

While Kissinger had dismissed the brewing Timor crisis as unworthy of U.S. attention, a lucid analysis came from another quarter, in what is arguably the most significant item in *Documents*. In October 1975, the Strategic and International Policy Division of the Australian Department of Defense issued a policy recommendation, prompted by concern that an Indonesian invasion of East Timor, Australia's closest neighbor, was likely to draw opposition from the Australian people (as it indeed did), and have possible repercussions on Australia's defense ties to Indonesia. The paper called for "a major effort of statesmanship" to persuade Indonesia to accept an independent state in Portuguese Timor and the "unpalatable reality of FRETILIN," the popular Timorese independence movement. It stated flatly that "the weight of evidence from the outset has been that any act of self-determination would oppose integration" with Indonesia. "To achieve integration," the memorandum continued, "Indonesia would have to dispose of FRETILIN. There appears no prospect at all that this could be achieved by political negotiation: it would require force on a scale that could not be hidden from the Australian public."

On the other hand, the memo argued, acceptance of an independent East Timor could lead to "fruitful talks, with Indonesia in a strong position to establish major influence in

'OVERRIDING SENSITIVITY'

It is quite clear that other sections of Australian Ambassador Woolcott's cable on Kissinger's attitude fit Canberra's description of "overriding sensitivity"—at least for diplomats seeking to avoid public embarrassment. For example, Woolcott counters the body of governmental opinion opposed to an Indonesian invasion:

> We are all aware of the Australian Defense interest in the Portuguese Timor situation, but I wonder whether the Department has ascertained the interest of the Department of Minerals and Energy in the Timor situation. It would seem to me that this department might well have an interest in closing the present gap in the agreed sea border and this could be much more readily negotiated with Indonesia . . . than with Portugal or independent Portuguese Timor.

The redoubtable Mr. Woolcott also illustrates the ability of some ambassadors to find nuggets of substance where none demonstrably exist. In another cable, commenting on a meeting with the head of Indonesian military intelligence, Gen. Benny Murdani, Woolcott informs Canberra ("for what it is worth in this rapidly evolving situation") that should Indonesia decide to invade, Murdani had assured him "that we should get at least two hours notice." Other chapters of *Documents* outlined the very junior status of Australia in its alliance with the United States. While Canberra is only offered a paltry two hours' notice in the event of an assault on East Timor, the United States is apparently the recipient of V.I.P. treatment. In his 1980 book, *Suharto's Indonesia*, former *Washington Post* Jakarta correspondent Hamish MacDonald asserts that "an attack on Dili [the East Timor capital] was to have been made on 5 December, the day U.S. President Gerald Ford and his Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, were due to arrive in Jakarta from China. American intelligence learnt of this highly compromising timetable, and successfully demanded that the operation be postponed until after Ford left on 6 December." MacDonald also writes that Suharto needed Western aid so badly in 1975 that Washington could have pressured him not to invade. Instead, following a trip to America in July 1975, he made "his first public statement ruling out independence for East Timor."

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the territory." It "would move the Indonesians from a policy of confrontation, which risks pushing their Timorese opponents into the extremism Indonesia fears, to one of cooperation."

It was conceded that it would be difficult to move Jakarta in the desired direction, but it was also emphasized that it would not be impossible, given "careful preparation." The memo concluded on an ominous note: Australian Intelligence "concurs in the assessment of FRETILIN's status and the improbability of Indonesia being able to dispose of its Timorese opponents without significant use of arms."

In their attempt to head off an Indonesian invasion, it is barely conceivable that Australian defense officials failed to supply their American allies with this assessment. According to another Australian document, Ambassador Newsom had definitive word by August 1975 that the option of integration with Indonesia commanded scant popular support among the East Timorese—from no less a source than the chief of BAKIN, Indonesia's state intelligence coordinating body. But this knowledge, and the likelihood of the carnage that would accompany an Indonesian invasion (which would be a clear-cut violation of international law, even if brought off without violence), had no discernible impact on U.S. policy. Indeed, the day before the full-scale December 1975 assault, Secretary of State Kissinger, who was visiting Jakarta with President Ford, told reporters that "the United States understands Indonesia's position on the question" of East Timor.

The Carter Administration was even more supportive of that position. But over the past eighteen months a growing bipartisan group in both houses of Congress, as well as the American press, have focused increasing attention on the consequences of the Indonesian invasion. Partly as a result of this exposure, there has been a new diplomatic development that may ultimately spell an end to the Indonesian occupation. Late last year, the Portuguese Government, which considers that it is still the administering power of East Timor (a contention supported by the U.N. and international law), called for high-level consultations between the governments concerned, with the understanding that talks with Indonesia would not constitute recognition of Jakarta's grab. And a December 8 editorial in *The New York Times* strongly endorsed projected Portuguese moves to bring independence to the territory. (Elements in the present conservative Government in Lisbon favor a Zimbabwe-type solution.) While Suharto may balk at this proposal, his successor may well accept it because the rising criticism of Indonesian "massacres" in the Western press could have an adverse effect on foreign investment, not to mention Indonesia's standing in the world community.

Reporting on the final session of Alexander Haig's Senate confirmation hearings, *The New York Times* noted that "when asked how [Haig] wanted history to judge him" in his new post, "he said he wanted to be remembered for contributing to 'a return to international civility and the rule of law in world affairs.'" The new Secretary of State and his advisers (not least of all Kissinger) might be reminded of East Timor. □

THE NITRITE FIASCO

Look What's Back In Our Hot Dogs

RALPH W. MOSS

Is a decade of environmental reaction upon us? The 1970s, the environmentalist decade, began with Earth Day, an event that channeled much of the political ferment of the 1960s into cleaning up a polluted environment. The movement's legislative high-water mark was probably the passage of the Toxic Substances Control Act of 1976. By the end of the 1970s, environmental activists could look back on numerous victories and ahead to future gains.

But now environmentalists face a determined and remorseless "give back" campaign by industry and its allies in government and science.

The trend became apparent in mid-1980, when the Supreme Court overturned an Occupational Safety and Health Administration regulation that had attempted to reduce the allowable amount of benzene, a known carcinogen, in the workplace. Then, in August, the Environmental Protection Agency announced that it was weakening air pollution control requirements, which had been instituted in a more liberal era. A month later, two administrative law judges threw out Federal citations against a chemical factory in which five women employees had undergone sterilization in order to keep their relatively high-paid positions after the company told them that lead pollution would endanger future offspring.

Among the many environmental setbacks of the past year, the one that perhaps stands out most starkly as a harbinger of things to come was the Government statement on sodium nitrite. This controversial food additive has been a focal point of struggle between environmentalists and the food industry for years. Sodium nitrite may or may not cause cancer in its own right—the data are still unclear. But when it combines with common chemicals called amines it forms nitrosamines, a class of chemicals that can be deadly. Minute amounts of nitrosamines can cause cancer in more than twenty species of laboratory animals, from the gerbil to the grass parakeet. No known animal is exempt. It is equally clear that nitrites will combine with amines inside or outside the human body to pose a cancer risk.

While nitrites do occur naturally, a significant dietary source is in preserved meats. Hot dogs, bologna, ham, bacon, sausage—7 percent of the nation's food supply with total sales of $12.5 billion—are treated with sodium nitrite. The food industry argues that nitrites are necessary to pre-

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vent food poisoning and improve the appearance and flavor of the products to which they are added.

From the time nitrosamines were discovered to cause cancer in animals the food industry and its supporters have argued against drawing any conclusions for humans from this research. By 1978, the evidence against nitrosamines (and, by implication, against their precursors, dietary nitrites and nitrates) had accumulated to such an extent that the Food and Drug Administration was forced to take a stand. At a widely publicized news conference, Dr. Donald Kennedy, then commissioner of the F.D.A., and Carol Tucker Foreman, Under Secretary of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, announced that they intended to rapidly phase out nitrite additives from the American diet.

The nitrosamine data were compelling, but the F.D.A. and the U.S.D.A. chose to base their case mainly on an unpublished study by Dr. Paul Newberne of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Newberne had fed nitrites to rats and claimed that this caused lymphoma in a significant number of experimental animals. This study tipped the scales in favor of control. "If it had turned out that nitrites themselves were a direct carcinogen it would have given us a better handle to control the situation," says Dr. Sanford Miller, director of the F.D.A.'s Bureau of Foods. This is not how it turned out. Kennedy's strategy had a fatal flaw: the Newberne data were highly vulnerable. A panel of pathologists went over Newberne's 50,000 slides and were unable to detect any appreciable difference in lymphoma rates between treated and control animals.

By then, the political climate was changing. Kennedy resigned, and Dr. Jere Goyan was appointed as the new F.D.A. commissioner. Last August, Goyan and Foreman reassembled the press for a very different kind of news conference: now, Dr. Goyan announced, there was "simply no basis for the F.D.A. and the U.S.D.A. to remove nitrite from foods at this time." To emphasize his own personal lack of concern, Goyan laughingly told his audience that he had had a nitrite-containing hot dog for lunch.

The whole issue of nitrites was transformed into something of a fiasco, and the joke seemed to be on the environmentalist movement. Yet the question of whether nitrites per se are carcinogenic is something of a red herring. "The principal problem has always been that nitrosamines will form in the stomach from the combination of nitrites and amines," says Dr. William Lijinsky, an expert on the subject at the Frederick, Maryland, Cancer Research Center, and an outspoken critic of the decision not to ban nitrites in food.

"We have a continuing concern with nitrosamines," counters F.D.A.'s Miller. "We have never reduced our concern." Miller points out, with pride, that his agency now requires the addition of vitamin C to meats containing nitrite, since this vitamin can inhibit nitrosamine formation in the meat. Other positive measures have been to reduce the allowable level of nitrites in bacon, and to bring about changes in beer brewing, with similar beneficial effects. But Miller—a scientist on leave from M.I.T.—states that, in general, the pendulum is now swinging away from environmentalism. "We are having greater difficulty in further improving the safety of the public."

C. Manly Molpus, president of the American Meat Institute, calls the pro-nitrite ruling "good news for consumers, producers and industry." But public-interest advocates are generally disturbed by the implications. "Industry and F.D.A. are using this incident to discourage public concern about nitrites and nitrosamines," says Dr. Michael Jacobson, executive director of the Center for Science in the Public Interest. "It is hard to beat multimillion-dollar advertising and lobbying efforts," Jacobson adds.

Throughout much of the 1960s and 1970s, industry had few vocal friends within the scientific community. That situation, too, seems to be changing with the times. "Some scientists with enormous integrity believe that things have gone far enough," says Miller.

Regardless of a scientist's personal convictions, his work can be picked up by industry lobbyists and used as ammunition in their sophisticated propaganda war. For example, the contention of Dr. Stephen Tannenbaum, also of M.I.T., that "about ten times more nitrite enters the stomach daily from the reduction of nitrate in saliva than from nitrite in cured meats" is used by industry to discredit the idea that dietary nitrites must be reduced.

Lijinsky questions the validity of this conclusion. "It is the concentration of nitrite present, not the total amount, which is significant. The nitrite I produce in my saliva while I am asleep is irrelevant, even though that's half of the nitrite to which I am exposed." It is Tannenbaum's argument, however, not Lijinsky's rebuttal, that is publicized by the laissez-faire advocates.

Where all else fails, industry trots out the "botulism

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scare." Botulism is a rare form of food poisoning caused by the toxins of the *Clostridium botulinum* organism. The toxin can only be produced in airless (anaerobic) conditions, however. Many foods contain the organism on their surfaces, including almost all fresh vegetables, but no one worries much about this, because these foods are not vacuum-packed.

"We are caught between the Scylla of botulism," says Miller, "and the Charybdis of cancer." Studies by the F.D.A., he says, show that the two diseases present equal risks, but because of botulism's more immediate effects people fear it more.

Lijinsky points out, however, that nitrite-free processed meats already exist—white sausages, liver sausages, special nitrite-free bacon and hot dogs. "The Government would not allow this if there were a risk of botulism," he says. The real reason for the use of nitrite is "to cover up poor manufacturing practices and to sell meat that would be very unattractive if it were not colored right."

The rehabilitation of nitrites may represent the dawn of a new era in which science abdicates its primary responsibility to protect the health of the public in favor of deregulation. Now some scientists and their allies in industry are even challenging the idea of public health. At the Fourth International Symposium on Prevention and Detection of Cancer, held at Wembley, England, July 26-30, 1980, Dr. Gio Gori of the Franklin Institute in Pennsylvania questioned the economic soundness of cancer prevention as a whole. One of his main arguments, based on Ford Motor Company statistics, was that preventing cancer would raise company pension and Social Security payments to dangerously high levels. "Increased longevity would also increase human biomass [i.e., people] beyond current projections, and impose added demand on natural resources." He urged planners to be "prudent" in thinking about prevention and "to anticipate the dimensions and the timing of the added social costs" of a lower death rate.

The election of Ronald Reagan and a conservative Congress will greatly accelerate the downward trend in environmental protection begun under the past Democratic Administration. Reagan has attacked the ban on DDT, and claimed that baby-seal killing has been "unjustly maligned." He thinks the wilderness system has protected too much forest from the timber industry, and supports the Sagebrush Rebellion, which wants to return Western public lands to private ownership. His attitude has apparently changed little from the days, as Governor of California, when he opposed the expansion of the Redwood National Park with the comment, "A tree is a tree. How many more do you need to look at?"

Despite this rightward swing, prevention remains the best strategy for dealing with cancer and a host of social ills. It is also the most economical: a study by the Council on Environmental Quality has found that the air quality act, despite the costs of its enforcement, actually saves society several billion dollars every year in medical costs. Those of us who care strongly about the future and longevity of what Dr. Gori calls the "human biomass" must keep the light of environmentalism from flickering out.

This will most likely come about under the cloak of states' rights. According to a Reagan environmental position paper, "We should return to the states the primary responsibility for environmental regulation in order to increase responsiveness to local conditions." In practice, of course, this will mean pitting local consumer and environmental groups against the regional branches of multinational conglomerates. It is a formula for the total defeat of environmental restraints, especially in conservative states.

Some of the leaders of the environmental movement are now preparing to adapt themselves to the new climate by placing greater emphasis on local elections and what is called "action at the village green level." While this is certainly necessary, it does not change the fact that the decisive battles will be fought at the national level. The survival of E.P.A. and OSHA, and the reauthorization of the Clean Air Act, will probably be the focal points in the near future.

All local conservation efforts are certainly welcome, but, as Philip Wiley, first F.D.A. commissioner, noted more than fifty years ago, "It was soon found that individual activities were practically useless in securing national legislation. Only mass action could produce any progressive results." This is the lesson that must be learned if we are to prevent the demise of the environmental movement. □

REPORT FROM GRENADA

Little Country, Big Revolution

STEPHEN KINZER

St. George's, Grenada

Not far from the powder-white sand of this island's spectacular Grand Anse Beach, where tourists laze in the sun, an ambitious social revolution is under way. Billboards along the winding, bumpy roads proclaim "Workers and Farmers Unite" and exhort citizens to "Work Harder, Fight Harder, Study Harder." Young people wear T-shirts calling for "Total Liberation Through Unity" and "Unemployed Youth for the Revolution." The bearded young Prime Minister, Maurice Bishop, laces his speeches with denunciations of the "vicious beasts of imperialism" and decorates the foyer of his office with portraits of Fidel Castro and Muammar el-Qaddafi. "Let those who labor hold the reins" is the motto of his party.

It has now been twenty-three months since Bishop and his coterie of radical intellectuals in the New Jewel Movement seized power from the increasingly corrupt, autocratic regime that had ruled Grenada for most of the last twenty

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five years. In that time they have embarked upon a program of wide-ranging social and political change that Castro has rightly called "a big revolution on a small island." In the process, the Grenadian leaders have aligned themselves with Cuba, alienated the United States and given their countrymen a sense of enthusiasm and promise that is now slightly tinged with anxiety about the future.

"For all those years, we lived under what was called democracy," said an earnest teen-ager sitting behind a desk at the New Jewel office in this seaside capital. "That model never helped our people, and now we are on a new road."

On March 13, 1979, when Bishop staged his lightning coup, this island of 110,000, slightly larger in size than Martha's Vineyard, was ripe for revolution. The eccentric and unpopular national leader, Eric Gairy, had drifted so far from reality that even many of his former supporters had become disgusted with his excesses. Gairy, who first rose to prominence in the 1950s as an anticolonial trade union organizer, had come to consider himself a demigod as well as a political leader. He was involved in the voodoolike rituals of obeah that still thrive in parts of the Caribbean and with the Rosicrucian cult, and portrayed himself as being "of the mystical world." He made repeated appeals to the United Nations for funds to communicate with extraterrestrial beings, and in fact was at the U.N. in New York making his familiar case for intergalactic travel when he was finally overthrown in a nearly bloodless predawn operation. Grenadians surged through the streets chanting "Freedom come, Gairy go, Gairy gone with U.F.O."

The new regime, propelled by an outpouring of popular support, set out on a number of ambitious programs. School tuitions have been reduced by two-thirds, and the Government promises they will be eliminated in 1981. The long-overdue assessments from the University of the West Indies are finally being paid, so Grenadian students will again be able to attend for a nominal fee. A Center for Popular Education has been established with the goal of teaching reading and writing to the entire population.

There is also a new plan for developing the two principal elements of the Grenadian economy, agriculture and tourism. Grenada's land is rich, but much of it is overgrown with forests, and does not produce food. Thus the country spends more than $50 million annually for imported food, a contradiction the Government hopes to eliminate. Through the "Idle Lands for Idle Hands" program, the large number of unemployed, or "marginal," Grenadians are being matched up with Government-owned plots of land. The first of these cooperatives is already functioning at Requin, where several dozen men are at work clearing 250 acres of land on which they will cultivate onions and potatoes, two popular foods not now grown on the island. Community groups affiliated with the New Jewel Movement are evaluating other plots of land and organizing groups of people to farm them, though there has been no expropriation of privately owned land, and Government officials say none is contemplated.

Tourism ranks just behind agriculture as a foreign-exchange earner, but its growth has been hindered by the fact that the country has only a single airstrip carved out of the lush rain forest, and connections must be made through nearby islands. For two decades, Grenadians have dreamed of building their own international airport, and now under the new regime that dream is finally coming true. After seeking help from several countries, Prime Minister Bishop found one that was willing to supply free labor and equipment to build the airport: Cuba. Today at Point Saline on Grenada's south coast, 200 Cuban construction workers and some Grenadian trainees are blasting hills, moving boulders and filling a saltwater bay in the largest public-works project in the country's history. A Canadian concern, Carinex, is negotiating to build a control tower as well as a chain of new hotels to accommodate the surge of tourists expected after the airport is completed several years from now.

With its vigor and patriotic zeal, the New Jewel Government has for the first time motivated Grenadians, especially young people, to feel pride in their country and work to develop it. On weekends, many of them turn out for voluntary work details to repair roads and drainage lines, rebuild schools and clinics and help clear land for farming. But despite this unprecedented unity and enthusiasm, some people here are uneasy about the course of the "popular revolution" that has put their country on the political map.

On the day he seized power in 1979, Bishop told his people, "This revolution is for work, for food, for decent housing and health services and for a bright future for our children and great-grandchildren. . . . Long live freedom and democracy! Let us together build a just Grenada." He specifically pledged that though he was suspending the existing Constitution, the country would "return to constitutional rule at an early opportunity" under a new document that "will reflect the wishes and aspirations of all the people of Grenada." He won much praise for his promise to "hold

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free and fair elections at the earliest possible time."

But since seizing power, Bishop has backed away from some of those promises. There has been no visible progress toward promulgating a new Constitution, though there are occasional suggestions that this may happen this year, and Government leaders have clearly lost their enthusiasm for elections.

"The people don't want to hear anything about elections," explained Selwyn Strachan, a top-level New Jewel leader now serving as Minister of Communications, Works and Labor. "They are ready to put this off for ten or twenty years. The issue of opposition doesn't arise when the people have confidence in you and when you assure that the problems of the people are addressed."

Six months after taking power, Bishop closed Grenada's only independent newspaper, *The Torchlight*, and later closed a church-sponsored bulletin that tried to replace it on this heavily Catholic island. More than seventy people are in jail without charges, including some former New Jewel members (fifteen were released last October). "The day of reformism is over," Bishop proclaimed last year at a rally in solidarity with insurgents in El Salvador, "and the day of the people and of revolution is here, and there is nothing imperialism can do to stop it."

"One feels more nationalist now, as if the country belongs to one," said the nation's most prominent journalist, Alister Hughes, who edits a subscription-only newsletter about Grenada. "One doesn't have the feeling the government is dishonest, as one did in the past. But many people are uncertain about the future. They are afraid of all the Cubans here and that we may be following the Cuban form of government; they worry about the detainees and they worry that we could well become a totalitarian state."

On the street, some citizens are reluctant to respond to questions about their views of the revolution. "Not too much democracy here," grumbled one stevedore on a break from unloading cargo, but he would say no more.

Not surprisingly, Bishop's relations with the United States have been stormy. The American Ambassador at the time of the takeover, Frank Ortiz, who was later removed as Ambassador to Guatemala when the State Department found him too accommodating to the generals, curtly informed Bishop that the United States "would look with displeasure on any tendency on the part of Grenada to develop closer ties with Cuba." The only aid he could offer Grenada immediately, he said, was an allocation from his discretionary fund, which is legally limited to $5,000. As for the airport, he added, that is not the kind of project the United States can pay for. Bishop angrily turned down the $5,000 and moved to embrace Castro both literally and figuratively.

Friction has continued between the United States and this newly assertive island nation. Grenada's Ambassador-designate to the United States, 29-year-old Dessima Williams, has not been accepted by the State Department on the ground that she is implicated in an alleged gun-running scheme, an action Strachan called "ludicrous, ridiculous and unacceptable." New Jewel leaders say the United States is refusing to extradite the deposed Gairy, now settled in California, while the State Department claims Grenada has not fulfilled legal requirements for extradition and suspects that Bishop really doesn't want him back at all. American officials have suggested to some travel agencies that they steer tourists away from Grenada, and very few Americans are here now, though an increase in European and Canadian tourists has more than made up for the loss. Grenada was the only country in the Western Hemisphere besides Cuba to vote against the U.N. resolution condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The U.S. National Security Council briefly considered a naval blockade of Grenada last spring when it concluded that Cuban weapons were being shipped there. Bishop's denunciations of the United States are colorful even by Third World standards, prompting one American diplomat to observe, "You'd think the Ayatollah was running the propaganda machine down there.

"There are two schools of thought in the State Department on how to deal with Grenada," the diplomat continued. "One is that they are a bunch of pro-Cuban punks and we shouldn't take any lip from them. The other is that the new Government really does want to improve life for its people and that we should be tolerant, help them and try to influence them."

Apprised of that dichotomy, one older Grenadian with long experience in regional politics smiled and responded, "Those are not conflicting views. Both are accurate, and the United States better decide how to deal with regimes like this, because there may well be more of them in this area in the years ahead." □

H-Bombs

(Continued From Front Cover)

nuclear weapons handling is sometimes careless, and bombs and missiles have been dropped. "I think the base is a threat to public safety," a Navy weapons specialist at Concord warned. "If an actual accident had happened [with nuclear arms] while I was on duty, I would not have gone out. I did not feel safe with the equipment and training they had."

In line with Defense Department policy, the base commander, Captain Curtis O. Anderson, will "neither confirm nor deny the presence of nuclear weapons" at Concord. He refused to answer any of my questions about safety precautions at the facility and actually turned around and left a special meeting of the Contra Costa County Board of Supervisors convened to discuss the base when he saw me there with a film crew. I pursued him down the hall and into the parking lot, to no avail; he sped away in his Navy car. Local and state officials say that Captain Anderson has not provided them with the information they need to prepare emergency measures to deal with a serious nuclear accident

Stephen Talbot's documentary "Broken Arrow: Can A Nuclear Weapons Accident Happen Here?" will be aired over most public television stations on Sunday, March 1, at 10:30 P.M. The column Dispatches, *which he writes with Elizabeth Farnsworth, appears monthly in* The Nation.

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on the base. "My primary mission here is to play down the role of the weapons station," the reticent Captain Anderson confided to a local newspaper.

Unfortunately, the Concord Naval Weapons Station is not an isolated case. There are between 20,000 (the Defense Nuclear Agency's figure) and 30,000 (the figure used by most peace groups) U.S. nuclear weapons deployed and stored abroad and at home. According to the Defense Department, 9,200 of these are multimegaton strategic weapons; the rest are tactical nukes, which can be as small as battlefield artillery shells. Nuclear weapons are based in at least forty states, often in proximity to population centers. A 1979 General Accounting Office study concluded that "emergency preparedness at the local level appears almost non-existent around Department of Defense and Energy [nuclear weapons] facilities." The G.A.O. report warned that in the event of a serious nuclear accident "there is only limited assurance that persons living or working near these nuclear facilities would be adequately protected."

Military officials claim that nuclear accidents would almost always be confined within a base's boundaries and would pose no threat to nearby residents. However, at the request of the G.A.O., the Department of Energy's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory calculated the consequences of a hypothetical accident scenario at a military installation and concluded that plutonium could be released from a damaged nuclear weapon and carried downwind in "a radiological cigar-shaped cloud extending from the accident scene for about 28 miles, with a maximum width of about 2.5 miles." The Livermore study showed that "individuals located under the cloud could receive lung doses equal to or greater than the proposed Environmental Protection Agency limits for plutonium inhalation." Plutonium is a potent carcinogen.

Furthermore, nuclear weapons accidents—"Broken Arrows" in Pentagon code—have occurred with alarming frequency, although most have gone unreported to the public. Until recently, the Pentagon had disclosed only thirteen Broken Arrows. In the course of my research, the Defense Nuclear Agency and the Pentagon acknowledged to me that there had been twenty-six Broken Arrows between 1950 and 1980, plus an additional "less than ten" nuclear weapons accidents that they would not describe for "political and national security reasons." I reported this new tally in my documentary, which was aired in San Francisco on November 17, and in *The Nation* (see *Item. Item. Item.*, November 29, 1980).

Late last month, a Pentagon official, Lieut. Col. Mark Foutch, released to me a document entitled *Summary of Accidents Involving Nuclear Weapons, 1950-1980 (Interim), Department of Defense*, which lists twenty-seven Navy and Air Force nuclear weapons accidents (see chart) and adds, "We feel confident that there are fewer than 10 accidents for which we do not yet have summaries, but we cannot give an exact number at this time pending further research." Reuters news service also obtained the document and turned it into a national news story.

The document released to me states, "There has been only one accident (Titan II) since 1968." On the contrary, there have been at least two other Broken Arrows in 1980 alone: a fire aboard a B-52 carrying nuclear weapons at the Grand Forks Air Force Base, North Dakota, on September 15, which I reported in my documentary; and the crash of a nuclear-armed FB-111 off the coast of New England, which was reported by the Center for Defense Information, an independent research group in Washington, D.C.

The Stockholm International Peace Research Institute—a recognized authority on nuclear arms—estimates that there have been about 125 U.S. nuclear weapons accidents, major and minor, between 1945 and 1976, or about one every two and a half months.

The twenty-seven Broken Arrows acknowledged by the D.O.D.—involving B-52 plane crashes, fires, missile explosions and so forth—have mercifully never resulted in a nuclear detonation, which *is* possible but highly unlikely. But the accidents have set off the conventional explosive (often TNT) contained in nuclear weapons, scattered plutonium over wide areas and killed and injured dozens of people.

One of the most notorious accidents took place on January 17, 1966, when a B-52 carrying nuclear weapons collided with a tanker aircraft during refueling and crashed near Palomares, Spain. The high explosive in two of the bombs exploded, spewing plutonium widely over an agricultural area. The cost of the cleanup operations ran well over $50 million; 5,000 barrels of contaminated topsoil were shipped to South Carolina for burial at a nuclear waste dump, and farmers and their crops near the scene of the crash are monitored for radioactivity to this day.

Two years later, another B-52 crashed near Thule, Greenland, and scattered plutonium. Closer to home, a Bomarc

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U.S. Nuclear Weapons Accidents (1950-80) Acknowledged by the Pentagon

Date	Weapon System	Location	Description*
1. February 13, 1950	B-36	Pacific Ocean, off Puget Sound, Washington	B-36 on simulated combat mission dropped nuclear weapon from 8,000 feet over Pacific Ocean before crashing. "Only the weapon's high explosive material detonated. . . . A bright flash occurred on impact, followed by a sound and shock wave."
2. April 11, 1950	B-29	Manzano Base, New Mexico	B-29 crashed into a mountain, killing the crew, three minutes after takeoff from Kirtland Air Force Base. Bomb case demolished, high explosive burned, nuclear components recovered.
3. July 13, 1950	B-50	Lebanon, Ohio	B-50 on training mission from Biggs A.F.B., Texas, crashed, killing sixteen crewmen. "The high explosive portion of the nuclear weapon aboard detonated on impact."
4. August 5, 1950	B-29	Fairfield-Suisun A.F.B., California (now Travis A.F.B.)	B-29 carrying a nuclear weapon crashed on takeoff and the high explosive material detonated. Nineteen crewmen and rescuers killed, including General Travis.
5. March 10, 1956	B-47	Mediterranean Sea	B-47 carrying "two capsules of nuclear weapons material" from MacDill A.F.B. to an overseas base disappeared in clouds while preparing for midair refueling. "An extensive search failed to locate any traces of the missing aircraft or crew."
6. July 26, 1956	B-47	Overseas Base	B-47 with no weapons on board crashed into "a storage igloo containing several nuclear weapons. The bombs did not burn or detonate."
7. May 22, 1957	B-36	Kirtland A.F.B., New Mexico	B-36 ferrying a nuclear weapon from Biggs A.F.B., Texas, to Kirtland dropped the bomb in the New Mexico desert. "The high explosive material detonated, completely destroying the weapon and making a crater approx. 25 feet in diameter and 12 feet deep . . . no radioactivity beyond the lip of the crater."
8. July 28, 1957	C-124	Atlantic Ocean	C-124 aircraft en route from Dover A.F.B., Delaware, lost power in two engines and jettisoned two nuclear weapons over the ocean. "No detonation occurred from either weapon." The nuclear weapons were never found. The plane landed near Atlantic City, N.J.
9. October 11, 1957	B-47	Homestead A.F.B., Florida	B-47 crashed shortly after takeoff with a nuclear weapon and a nuclear capsule on board. "Two low order detonations occurred during the burning."
10. January 31, 1958	B-47	Overseas Base	B-47 crashed and burned during takeoff with one nuclear weapon "in strike configuration. . . . There was some contamination in the immediate area of the crash."
11. February 5, 1958	B-47	Savannah, Georgia (Hunter A.F.B.)	B-47 on simulated combat mission out of Homestead A.F.B., Florida, had a midair collision with an F-86 aircraft. The B-47 jettisoned the nuclear weapon "five miles southeast of the mouth of the Savannah River (Georgia) in Wassaw Sound off Tybee Beach." The weapon was never found.
12. March 11, 1958	B-47	Florence, South Carolina	B-47 left Hunter A.F.B., Georgia, with three other B-47s en route to an overseas base. "The aircraft accidentally jettisoned an unarmed nuclear weapon, which impacted in a sparsely populated area 6½ miles east of Florence, South Carolina. The bomb's high explosive material exploded on impact. The detonation caused property damage but no injuries on the ground."
13. November 4, 1958	B-47	Dyess A.F.B., Texas	B-47 caught fire on takeoff and crashed, killing one crew member. The high explosive in the nuclear weapon on board exploded, leaving "a crater 35 feet in diameter and six feet deep."
14. November 26, 1958	B-47	Chennault A.F.B., Louisiana	B-47 caught fire on the ground. Single nuclear weapon on board was destroyed by fire. "Contamination was limited to the immediate vicinity."
15. January 18, 1959	F-100	Pacific Base	F-100 caught fire on the ground while loaded with unarmed nuclear weapon.
16. July 6, 1959	C-124	Barksdale A.F.B., Louisiana	"A C-124 on a nuclear logistics movement mission crashed on takeoff. The aircraft was destroyed by fire, which also destroyed one weapon. . . . Limited contamination. . . ."

* The descriptions of each accident are based on and include quotations from the D.O.D. *Summary*. Additional comments are those of the author, Stephen Talbot.

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17. October 15, 1959	B-52 & KC-135	Hardinsberg, Kentucky (Glen Bean, Kentucky)	B-52 and KC-135 operating out of Columbus A.F.B., Mississippi, collided during refueling over Kentucky. D.O.D. summary provides no information about nuclear weapons, but previous reports said two unarmed nuclear weapons were recovered undamaged.
18. June 7, 1960	Bomarc missile	McGuire A.F.B., New Jersey	"A Bomarc air defense missile in ready storage condition (permitting launch in two minutes) was destroyed by explosion and fire after a high pressure helium tank exploded and ruptured the missile's fuel tanks. The warhead was also destroyed by the fire although the high explosive did not detonate. Contamination was restricted to an area . . . approx. 100 ft. long."
19. January 24, 1961	B-52	Goldsboro, North Carolina	B-52 crashed during airborne alert mission and dropped two nuclear weapons near Goldsboro, North Carolina. "A portion of one weapon, containing uranium, could not be recovered despite excavation in the waterlogged farmland to a depth of 50 feet. The Air Force subsequently purchased an easement requiring permission for anyone to dig there. There is no detectable radiation and no hazard in the area." The D.O.D. summary does not mention the fact that five of six interlocking safety triggers on the bomb failed. "Only a single switch," reported Dr. Ralph Lapp, head of the nuclear physics branch of the Office of Naval Research, "prevented the 24-megaton bomb from detonating and spreading fire and destruction over a wide area."
20. March 14, 1961	B-52	Yuba City, California (Beale A.F.B.)	B-52 with two nuclear weapons on board crashed after pilot succeeded in "steering the plane away from a populated area." No high explosive detonation and no contamination. Safety devices worked.
21. January 13, 1964	B-52D	Cumberland, Maryland	B-52D en route from Westover A.F.B., Massachusetts, to its home base at Turner A.F.B., Georgia, crashed with two unarmed nuclear weapons on board, which were recovered "relatively intact."
22. December 5, 1964	LGM 30B (Minuteman ICBM)	Ellsworth A.F.B., South Dakota	LGM 30B Minuteman I missile was on strategic alert at Launch Facility L-02, Ellsworth A.F.B., South Dakota, when a "retrorocket" accidentally fired during repairs. There was considerable damage but "no detonation or radioactive contamination."
23. December 8, 1964	B-58	Bunker Hill A.F.B. (now Grissom A.F.B.), Indiana	B-58 crashed while preparing for takeoff on icy runway at Bunker Hill A.F.B., Indiana. "Portions of the nuclear weapon burned; contamination was limited to the immediate area of the crash and was subsequently removed."
24. October 12, 1965	C-124	Wright-Patterson A.F.B., Ohio	Fire during refueling on ground burned "components of nuclear weapons and a dummy training unit. . . . The resultant radiation hazard was minimal."
25. January 17, 1966	B-52 & KC-135	Palomares, Spain	B-52 and KC-135 collided during midair refueling and both aircraft crashed near Palomares, Spain. The B-52 carried four nuclear weapons. One was recovered on the ground and one was finally found in the sea after an intensive, four-month search. "Two of the weapons' high explosive materials exploded on impact with the ground, releasing some radioactive materials. Approximately 1,400 tons of slightly contaminated soil and vegetation were removed to the United States for storage at an approved site." The D.O.E. has reported that the cleanup operation has cost $50 million and that the Palomares area is still being monitored for radiation today.
26. January 21, 1968	B-52	Thule, Greenland	B-52 from Plattsburgh A.F.B., New York, crashed and burned some seven miles southwest of the runway at Thule A.F.B., Greenland. "The bomber carried four nuclear weapons, all of which were destroyed by fire. . . . Some 237,000 cubic feet of contaminated ice, snow and water, with crash debris, were removed to an approved storage site in the United States over the course of a four-month operation."
27. September 19, 1980	Titan II ICBM	Damascus, Arkansas	During routine maintenance in a Titan II missile silo, an Air Force repairman dropped a socket wrench, which punctured a fuel tank and caused an explosion. One Air Force man was killed, 21 injured. The nuclear warhead, which was hurled from the silo by the explosion, was recovered intact. Local residents were evacuated. "There was no radioactive contamination."

SOURCE: Department of Defense document, *Summary of Accidents Involving Nuclear Weapons, 1950-1980 (Interim)*, released to Stephen Talbot, KQED-TV, San Francisco, December 1980. An accompanying D.O.D. memo states: "Due to differences in record-keeping among the Services, it is difficult to say that this list is complete, particularly with respect to the earlier period covered by the summaries. The Navy and Air Force may have experienced a few more accidents and we are researching this possibility. The Marines have no nuclear weapons. The Army reports that it has never had an accident with nuclear weapons comparable in seriousness with those on this list. We feel confident that there are fewer than 10 accidents for which we do not yet have summaries, but we cannot give an exact number at this time pending further research. . . . This list does not contain *every* event reportable under safety regulations as an 'accident/incident involving nuclear weapons.' . . . Criteria for inclusion in this summary included the severity of the event, e.g., an airplane crash, radioactive contamination, weapon actually involved in the event, etc."

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missile burned in 1960 at McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey and contaminated a 100-foot circle which is still being monitored for radioactivity, according to the Pentagon. In 1964, a plane and its nuclear bombs were consumed by fire at Bunker Hill Air Force Base in Indiana, dispersing radioactive particles at least 2,000 feet. In 1961, a B-52 jettisoned two 24-megaton thermonuclear bombs that landed in a field near Goldsboro, North Carolina. Five of six interlocking safety devices failed on one of the bombs. "So one device kept it from a full explosion which would have released more explosive power than all the wars of human history," says Daniel Ellsberg, who at the time was conducting a special study for President Kennedy on command and control of nuclear weapons. The Air Force now admits the other bomb was lost.

Lesser nuclear weapons accidents—the Pentagon calls them "Bent Spears"—happen more frequently. On June 26, 1974, for example, a CH-47 helicopter carrying nuclear weapons from Long Island to New Jersey had to make a forced landing near Jones Beach. And there have been near-miss catastrophes that are not included in either the Broken Arrow or Bent Spear categories, such as a B-52 crash near the Big Rock Nuclear Power Plant at Charlevoix, Michigan, in the summer of 1971.

The D.O.D. document notes that many of the twenty-seven accidents occurred in the early 1960s when B-52s and other Strategic Air Command aircraft were on "airborne alert," a practice that was discontinued in 1968 mainly because of the Thule and Palomares crashes. However, the document does not discuss the development and planned deployment of new, complex nuclear weapons systems, such as the MX. As nuclear technology becomes more sophisticated and complex, the chances of accidents (including catastrophic ones like the near meltdown at Three Mile Island) increase, despite the best safety precautions and most advanced training for operating personnel. Since designs, equipment and operators for systems like the MX or nuclear reactors can never be totally error-free, and since their very complexity multiplies the chances of something going wrong, experts predict future unavoidable, unpreventable nuclear accidents, which they call "normal accidents."

Many pronuclear government officials and engineers would like us to believe there is a technical solution for every problem that arises with nuclear weapons or reactors. What they fail to consider is that increasingly complex, centralized, highly interactive systems (like the Consolidated Edison Company power grid that developed severe "outages," blacking out New York City) are more prone to incomprehensible, unanticipated, major accidents than decentralized, less complicated systems. And it must be remembered that despite the best intentions of the nuclear power industry and the Pentagon, it only took a candle to spark a major accident at Brown's Ferry reactor and a worker dropping a socket wrench to set off the Titan II missile explosion. The Air Force report issued this month on the Titan accident says the Titan system is "safe and supportable" but "is also potentially hazardous" to the public.

Dr. Carl Johnson, the health director for Jefferson County, Colorado, believes that a fire in 1957 at the Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant is responsible for a striking increase in the number of cancer cases in his community. "After the 1957 fire, two schools in the area were found to have a high level of enriched uranium and possibly plutonium," Johnson recalls. "I have carried out a series of studies in which I found in a population near the plant an excess of 24 percent of all cancers in males and 10 percent of all cancers in females." Dr. Johnson insists that the health risks for workers at nuclear weapons facilities and for people living nearby are "very high." "In Rocky Flats," he states, "we know of at least 241 persons who have chromosome damage from plutonium body burdens." Dr. Johnson recommends "from a public health viewpoint that these nuclear weapons facilities should be located at least forty miles from population centers, in isolated parts of the country."

Relocating nuclear weapons bases, of course, would require money and a reordering of military priorities. Rather than that, the Pentagon prefers to use "national security" as a cloak to prevent the public from learning about the nuclear weapons in their backyards. But retired Rear Adm. Gene LaRocque, a former assistant director of strategic planning in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations, strongly disagrees with that policy of secrecy. "Everybody ought to know where the nuclear weapons are," argues the admiral, who now heads the Center for Defense Information. "The reason the military does not tell people whether or not there are weapons on a ship or stored in a certain place is they are afraid that people will be unhappy about it and want those nuclear weapons moved. But that does not make those people who live in the vicinity any safer."

Secrecy can no longer be justified on national-security grounds in an age of satellite surveillance. U.S. and Soviet military strategists know by now where all of each other's nuclear weapons are stored and manufactured. A Pentagon official admitted as much in Congressional hearings back in 1973. When asked, "Do the Russians know where all of these [U.S. nuclear weapons sites] are?" Maj. Gen. Edward Giller replied, "Most of our stockpile sites have characteristic fence lines, lighting and communication facilities. I would imagine they know where most of them are." And the 1979 G.A.O. report observed, "It appears that the location of many [nuclear weapons] installations is public knowledge. For example, at one nuclear installation we visited, the facility operators publicly distributed literature about the 'nuclear deterrent force' stationed at the site. . . . We believe that national security would not be jeopardized by establishing a relationship between the installation and local authorities for response to a nuclear emergency."

Peace and antinuclear activists—joined by a small but growing number of citizens concerned about their health and safety—are attempting to identify nuclear weapons installations around the country (there are somewhere between 120 and 200 sites) and to raise public safety questions with the authorities. In Hawaii, a group known as Catholic Action has determined through diligent research and ob-

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servation that nuclear weapons are stored at the West Loch (Pearl Harbor) Naval magazine—just two miles from Honolulu International Airport—and that these weapons are transported over heavily populated areas in helicopters. The Hawaii activists have organized demonstrations, published an effective booklet (*The Dark Side of Paradise: Hawaii in a Nuclear World*) and are pursuing a lawsuit to compel the Navy to file an environmental-impact statement on the possible hazards of nuclear storage at West Loch. Nancy Stearns, a lawyer with the Center for Constitutional Rights, in New York, believes that the legal challenge —which has been upheld by the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, in San Francisco, and is awaiting Government appeal—may eventually force the Pentagon to disclose the possible hazards of nuclear storage sites throughout the nation. A similar suit has already been filed by a peace group against the Energy Department's Pantex nuclear weapons factory near Amarillo, Texas.

It is relatively easy for concerned citizens to determine if nuclear weapons are stored in their communities. A 1974 Defense Department directive (No. 5210.41) and other publicly available military documents specify characteristic features of a nuclear weapons facility, which can be observed by a layman: double-fencing, twenty-four-hour lighting, posted signs authorizing "Use of Deadly Force" against trespassers, Marine or other special guards, "clear" zones, etc. The official brochure of the Sierra Army Depot in Herlong, California, sixty miles northwest of Reno, Nevada, mentions a "Special Weapons" (a standard Pentagon euphemism for nuclear weapons) group. Some base spokespersons readily acknowledge "nuclear weapons capability"—at Strategic Air Command bases, for instance. NARMIC (National Association for Research on the Military-Industrial Complex), a project of the American Friends Service Committee, has compiled a list of 121 nuclear weapons storage and deployment sites in the United States from Maine's Loring Air Force Base to southern California's Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station.

In my investigation, I identified seven nuclear sites in northern California: the Sierra Army Depot; Castle, Mather and Travis Air Force bases; Moffett and Alameda Naval air stations and the Concord Naval Weapons Station. In addition, there are Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, which designs nuclear weapons, and Mare Island, which services nuclear-powered submarines. Nuclear weapons are regularly shipped in and out of the densely populated San Francisco-Oakland Bay area. They are transported in D.O.D. and unmarked D.O.E. vans on public highways, and carried overhead in B-52s, Navy P-3 Orion antisubmarine aircraft and helicopters. Researcher Bill Arkin of the Center for Defense Information estimates that there are more than 1,000 nuclear weapons located in California with over half of those concentrated in the Bay Area.

Admiral LaRocque and other nuclear critics are convinced that a major accident is inevitable unless there is a sharp reduction in the number of nuclear weapons in the U.S. arsenal, drastic improvement in safety and handling procedures and greater public awareness. "Originally, when we first had nuclear weapons," recalls Admiral LaRocque, "and when I had them in San Francisco harbor driving around with my cruiser, people were very intense and nervous about having nuclear weapons on board, so safety precautions were rigidly observed and our men were well trained. But as time has gone on, and I've watched it happen, we've become more lax. We have come to accept nuclear weapons as conventional weapons. We have become careless. We have trained a lot of people, but they don't stay with us very long. So we have high school, less than high school, graduates taking care of our nuclear weapons. I think there is a great danger in a harbor like San Francisco that one of these days there is going to be a collision in the fog, and we are going to scatter nuclear weapons all over the harbor."

The Defense Nuclear Agency also appears concerned about the lack of emergency planning and has begun holding nuclear weapons accident exercises (known as NUWAX). Next spring at the Nevada Test site outside Las Vegas, the agency will simulate a nuclear accident in a small California town—actually spilling live radioactive contaminant—to ascertain how quickly D.O.D., D.O.E. and California emergency teams can clean up the wreckage, test mock dairies and vineyards for contamination and reassure skeptical reporters and nervous citizens (portrayed by actors). James Watkins, chief of planning in the California Office of Emergency Services and a key participant in NUWAX '81, acknowledges that state planning for a nuclear weapons accident is "just beginning." He compared the lack of preparedness to the rudimentary planning for nuclear power plant accidents prior to Three Mile Island.

Prompted by my report, local officials are now demanding more information from the Concord base. (The Government declined to press charges against my crew and me, after deciding we did not violate national security after all, and has returned the film it seized.) Many older residents remember the disastrous 1944 explosion at the base (then called Port Chicago), which killed more than 300 people, and they are even more concerned about the current storage and transportation of nuclear weapons. A local group, led by the Mount Diablo Peace Center, is lobbying for the conversion of the military facility into an industrial park and housing site. In the wake of the Titan II accident, Congress may hold hearings on nuclear weapons safety.

It is clear that even in peacetime we are not safe from our own nuclear weapons, whether stored or in transit. It is ironic that U.S. nuclear arms have never killed a Soviet soldier, but have killed and injured many Americans, polluted our environment and possibly caused an increase in cancer. As more and more nuclear weapons are being built, stored and deployed in highly complex systems like the proposed MX, we must face the increasing likelihood of more Broken Arrows, more "normal accidents." Warns Admiral LaRocque: "We can expect to have a nuclear [weapons] accident of a very severe nature in the not too distant future." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Goodbye to Mr. Stark

RING LARDNER JR.

I am indebted to Ray Stark for giving me the final push into retirement from screenwriting after forty-five years. When he telephoned me last May, I was already planning to claim my Social Security benefit and a Writers Guild pension as of my 65th birthday in August, and to start work on a novel. Stark, one of Hollywood's richest and most powerful executives, suggested that I do one last screenplay: a new version of *Pal Joey*, the 1940 Broadway musical, with Al Pacino as star and Herbert Ross as director. I would be free, he told me, to start afresh with the original John O'Hara stories, but we would have the benefit not only of the superb score but also of any other Rodgers and Hart number that suited our needs. "And in my setup," he promised, "you won't have to talk to any studio. You won't even have to talk to me. Just to Herb Ross."

Now, one of my reasons for getting out of movies was a run of unproduced screenplays. This has always been an occupational hazard, but several aborted projects in a row had left me more frustrated than usual. In this context it was a positive factor that both Stark and Ross had been having a lot of commercial success lately, especially as producer and director of a series of Neil Simon films. How much more satisfying to quit the scene with a hit in the can than a script on the shelf. I agreed to meet with Ross in New York to see if our attitudes toward the material were congenial.

That first discussion was encouraging enough for me to say I would give another week's thought to the project. Stark called during that period to say how heartened he had been by Ross's report of our meeting and how much they both hoped I would undertake the assignment. My next conversation with Ross, who had proceeded to California, was on the phone. Again we felt we were making progress, but I at least was still not ready to make a commitment. After another few days, however, I had some more specific ideas to propose, and he responded to them with so much enthusiasm that I said I would be willing to take the job. He said it only remained for terms to be agreed upon between Stark and my agent, and Stark confirmed this in a call just before I left for Italy on a ten-day vacation. By the time I returned, he predicted, there would be a contract for me to sign.

That was the last I ever heard from either of them. No proposal was made to the agent; instead, he was told they needed a week to clear up "a technicality" concerning the rights to the material. That was the last word he ever had on the matter.

I cannot reveal to you what caused the sudden switch in this case because I don't have a clue myself. I can only report that it belongs to a class of phenomena that no longer surprise me after more than four decades. I don't even know whether Stark controlled the rights to *Pal Joey* when he approached me about it. If he didn't it was a serious breach of ethics to enlist my time and effort for two weeks without so advising me, and in any case it was a breach of common courtesy not to explain the technicality directly to me when it arose.

I am not so ambitious, however, as to want to reform Stark's character or his manners. What I am concerned with is the familiar blend of flattery and contempt with which writers have always been treated in the American motion picture business.

I was barely 22 years old when I turned in the first screenplay I had written without a collaborator. I could hardly wait for the producer's reaction, but I wasn't ready to hear it before he even opened the script. "I'm sending this right over to Wald and Macaulay," he said, referring to a well-paid writing team on the lot. "I gave it to you so you could break ground for them while they were finishing another job." It was hard

Ring Lardner Jr., who estimates he has written more unproduced than produced screenplays in his forty-five-year Hollywood career, is now at work on his second novel.

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to believe he was going to pass it on without reading a word, but that is just what he did. And on what grounds could I object? I had been paid for my work, almost $1,000, as I remember it.

It is the fact rather than the amount of payment that counts. Three years later Michael Kanin and I were paid $100,000, the highest price to that date for an original screenplay. We also received an Academy Award for the script, but in a transmutation so prodigious it could only be achieved by contract, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "became" the author of the work. If anyone remains skeptical about this process, let him take note that when a musical based on that 1942 movie, *Woman of the Year*, is produced on Broadway this spring, M-G-M, not we, will be collecting authors' royalties.

My career in Hollywood was divided into two parts by a hiatus of fifteen years during which my name was barred from the screen and my presence from the studios. By coincidence it was in those blacklist years that a basic change took place in control over the screenplay. In the old days a writer was subject to replacement for no more substantial reason than "getting a fresh viewpoint." Changing writers was about as significant to Irving Thalberg and David Selznick as sending in an alternate wide receiver with the next play is to a modern football coach. But if yours happened to be the final script approved by the man in charge, you knew no one else had the authority to make changes from then on.

My first experience with the new system came when another blacklisted writer, Ian McLellan Hunter, and I wrote a screenplay for a British company under a pseudonym. After meeting with the producers and the director on the Caribbean location, we made some changes to conform to what we found there. Just before filming began we were startled to receive a "final shooting script" that was quite a drastic rewrite of ours, with the added defect of being, in our opinion, decidedly inferior. Sidney Poitier told me later that he and John Cassavetes, who had agreed to do the picture, *Virgin Island*, after reading our script, had shared our surprise and disappointment in the new one. The producers' only response to our protest was that standard British practice entitled the director to a final revision after the writer was through.

By the time I was able to write under my own name again in the 1960s, this inflation of the director's authority was already taking hold in Hollywood although the time was still years off when one of them could single-handedly change the whole purpose and thrust of a picture in mid-production, or spend twice his authorized budget without any effective restraint.

The whole *auteur* theory, as imported from France in the late 1950s, was actually quite incongruous with an American system in which the director usually appeared on the scene after the second or third draft of the script. It is true, nonetheless, that the most impressive film-making talent of the last twenty years has emerged among the younger directors who see themselves as creators as well as interpreters. Unfortunately, their egos have generally developed faster than their self-critical faculties, and their best efforts have been followed by such anticlimaxes as *New York, New York, 1941, Heaven's Gate, Images, At Long Last, Love, Buffalo Bill* and the apocalyptic part of *Apocalypse Now*.

I had the good luck to come in contact with one of the most original of these new talents when Robert Altman undertook my screenplay of *M*A*S*H* after its rejection by sixteen other directors in a row. In my partisan judgment, he discarded values that could have made it a better movie, but he added so many more that I remain in his debt for my share of the acclaim, including my second Oscar in 1970.

Three years and five unproduced screenplays later, I tried to cheer up my agent, a mercurial Sicilian, for our lack of success in advancing my career. "George," I said, "you know the old Hollywood saying: 'You're only as good as your last picture.' Well, what better strategy could we think up than keeping *M*A*S*H* as my last picture?"

In reality, though, it hurt—all that construction and action and dialogue that was not being recorded on film. One of the times I can recall hurting most was when a man named Michael Ritchie refused to speak to me. I had done, for David Merrick, a couple of drafts of an adaptation of the book *Semi-Tough* by Dan Jenkins. Merrick liked my script; Jenkins liked it and, most significant of all, United Artists liked it enough to say they were taking the crucial step from "developing the property" to making it as a starring vehicle for Burt Reynolds.

The one missing element was a director, and this was supplied in the person of Ritchie, who, it turned out, had one reservation. Even after I had conveyed to him indirectly my willingness to consider a major revision, he said he didn't care to talk to the writer of the script; he wanted to talk to a new writer. Merrick and the U.A. hierarchy at the time regarded this demand as arbitrary but not excessive. They displayed their adaptability by transferring their entrepreneurial endorsement from the book and screenplay they had bought to whatever Ritchie and his new writer might devise to take its place. What they had bought was a satirical comedy about professional football; what Ritchie felt like making that season—and did—was a satirical comedy about consciousness-raising groups. (The new writer was my friend Walter Bernstein, who called me when he was offered the job and received my dispensation and blessing, just as I would have had his in a reversal of the situation.)

So many factors over which he has no control contribute to the eventual fate of a screenwriter's work that he can ease the pain by persuading himself he has no control at all—that it really doesn't matter how hard he tries. To fortify himself against this delusion, he has to remember that while good scripts have been turned into bad films, no good film was ever made from a poor script.

Another temptation is to fantasize that his unshot scripts would have become more original and provocative movies than the ones that ran the gauntlet to theatrical exhibition. A sober review of the files exposes this, too, in my own case at least, to be a piece of self-delusion. Among the unproduced scripts are a sizable number that were poor ideas to begin with, undertaken for misguided or unworthy motives, including the classic cop-out of the indentured artist: "If they're dumb enough to pay all that money for this crap, who am I to object?" In the end, "my best scripts are on the shelf" has to be amended to "my best and worst scripts are on the shelf."

There still remain just enough of the former, however, to put together a small festival of respectable unshot films. The picture that opens this festival was definitely ahead of its time. It concerned the disease of alcoholism and its ravaging effects on a woman played by Carole Lombard. I can see no one else in the role because it was Carole who

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took the story from one studio to another, to be told by all of them that the subject was unacceptable. Five years later, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder made *The Lost Weekend*.

Next is a historical epic from 1943, produced and directed by Otto Preminger and dealing with the Nazi takeover as seen by the daughter (Martha Dodd) of Franklin Roosevelt's ambassador to Germany. Even as we were preparing that script, we knew its fate was dependent on the box office results of one starring Alexander Knox as our twenty-eighth President. *Wilson*, Darryl Zanuck had declared, was his favorite project, but if it failed he would have to send history back to the printed page.

The most lively and enduring of all my defunct creations was an original comedy written that same year called *The Great Indoors*. I sold it the year I went to prison as one of the Hollywood Ten to an enterprising producer named Bob Roberts, whose payments went for family support while I was away. Then he was blacklisted and moved to London, where he has let few years go by in the last thirty without a statement of his intention to produce *The Great Indoors*.

From the year 1945 comes the first Hollywood movie to deal with the subject of anti-Semitism, a screenplay based on Gwethalyn Graham's novel *Earth and High Heaven*. My adaptation provoked a memorable reaction from its first reader, the Samuel Goldwyn of life and legend: "Lardner, you have defrauded and betrayed me!" Defrauded, he explained, by writing scenes that were more explicitly on the theme than they had seemed to be when I described them in synopsis. "And one of the reasons I hired you, just one, was the fact that you're a gentile. You have betrayed me by writing like a Jew." (That same year, William Cagney, brother of James and head of the family production company, complained about my only Western screenplay: "Lardner treated the Indians like a race of oppressed Jews.")

Skipping to the decade just past, I did an adaptation of an entertaining and cogent novel by Tom McHale called *Farragan's Retreat*. A reactionary family of Roman Catholics in Philadelphia assigns one of its members to liquidate his own son, who has disgraced them all by fleeing to Montreal instead of taking his patriotic place with our troops in Vietnam. Paramount Pictures cheerfully paid for the book and the script of this black comedy, then abruptly decided Vietnam might become a forgotten issue during the year it would take to get the picture out. Actually, just fourteen months later, Nixon and Kissinger were keeping the issue fresh with their Christmas bombing.

Another comedy was *Cedarhurst Alley*, based on a novel by Denison Hatch. It is the story of a family, plagued by noise and vibration, that raises a barrage balloon over their house and into a main approach corridor to Kennedy Airport; it was a fine setting for a lone-individual-versus-the-system movie. But what makes it especially memorable to me now is how urgently I felt the obligation to get that script ready for shooting. When asked to write the pilot episode for the proposed *M*A*S*H* television series, with a piece of the action for however long that speculative venture might last, I had to say no because I couldn't do it without losing some of my concentration on *Cedarhurst Alley*.

Completing the festival week is an original screenplay, *The Volunteers*, about the Americans in the Spanish Civil War. The main character is a correspondent who went to Spain as my brother Jim did in 1938 to cover the war, joined the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the last terrible months and was killed, as Jim was, the night before the Internationals were withdrawn. On this one, Hannah Weinstein, the producer who originated the project, and I ran into the problem that the top jobs in Hollywood these days are the least secure ones. The head of production at Columbia Pictures, who liked the idea and contracted with us for the script, had been replaced, when we returned with a first draft, by a head of production who announced for starters that he hated the idea. That meant Hannah had to look elsewhere for financing. She's still looking, but you don't find investors readily for an expensive production with debatable box office appeal.

They all still sound like good ideas for pictures, but I guess I have to admit that the great appeal of every one of these films is not so much the strength of the original concept as the brilliant fidelity of its execution. In what other festival has each entry been photographed with faultless taste, accented with an unassuming yet telling musical score, directed with imaginative respect and played up to the hilt and not an inch beyond by inspired and selfless actors?

In the real world, unfortunately, the screenwriter faces the constant, inescapable truth that nothing ever quite comes out the way it was conceived. He can be rewritten by one of his colleagues, or by a director, producer, actor or cutter, or in a final affront called editing for television. Occasionally, a marvelous moment will emerge on film that could only have come from such promiscuous collaboration. But the results far more often fall somewhere short of the intention. And the most binding reality of all is the finality of those results.

Books have been published decades after they were originally written; a current Broadway hit, *Morning's at Seven*, was a failure when it was first produced forty years ago. Mature writers have thought anew about an early novel, then revised and republished it. It is a regular part of an out-of-town tryout of a play for the playwright to test various versions of a scene before a paid audience. A publisher, a magazine editor, a theatrical producer, may all make suggestions to a writer, but it is the writer who decides whether to change his work or find another sponsor. For the screenwriter, 99 percent of the time, there is no control over the transition from concept to frames of exposed film, and once that transition has been made, no previous version retains any significant reality. How can I match my paper draft of a scene against what is now implanted on celluloid? Even if I could spend millions to shoot my rejected script, how could I put together enough of the same components to make a valid comparison with the version they released?

I recall the only time I ever thought I won an argument with Darryl Zanuck. We were discussing (quite soberly; all such discussions seem important at the time) his proposal to cut from the script of *Forever Amber* a scene that I felt was essential to the leading character's motivation. Although motivation scenes were a prime Zanuck target (he preferred to strip down to pure action), he finally conceded that I might have a point and instructed Otto Preminger, the director, to go ahead and shoot the scene. A couple of months later we sat in a projection room watching a rough assembly of the picture, and the scene in question, which I never did see on film, was now out. Zanuck directed a comment at me over his shoulder: "Humoring you on that one cost us $20,000."

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That closed the subject for good, and properly so. If I had pointed out that I found the new transition confusing, I would have been ignoring the several facts he had incorporated into that one short statement. It was a fact that I had wanted to retain the scene; it was a fact that he had made the irrevocable decision to eliminate it; therefore, it was equally a fact that I had made a mistake costing the studio $20,000.

If I added up the various drafts of the scripts in my fantasy festival and multiplied that by four to approximate the total number of unshot screenplays I have written since 1936, and then added all the preliminary drafts and unused versions of scenes in the scripts that did get produced, I would be talking about tens of thousands of pages filled with characters and scenes, dialogue and description that served little or no function in the past and are not likely to be put to any use in the future.

I am not saying by any means that I regard all that as wasted effort. For a young writer every discarded page is a step in mastering his craft. At my age, however, it is natural to think more about immediate results and to return to a medium in which I can hope to expend my energy more frugally. □

'It is Better to Have Nothing'

BRINA CAPLAN

HOUSEKEEPING. *By Marilynne Robinson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 219 pp. $10.95.*

Strategies for avoiding loss can produce results almost as dire as loss itself. We know, for example, that to survive intolerable cold, the body will abandon its limbs: blood will circulate only among the vital organs and then, eventually, only within the brain, lungs and heart. In a desperate effort to forestall fatal loss, the mind also can radically reduce itself, discarding the wishes, intentions and needs that under less extreme circumstances identify and define it. According to psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, both concentration-camp inmates and autistic children have attempted to survive by minimizing themselves in this way; for, he says, when deprived simultaneously of the power to change terrifying circumstances and also of the hope that these circumstances ever will be changed, the ego seems unworthy "of investment with vital energy by the total personality."

When circumstances do change, however, what then? The body, we know, may pay irrevocably for minimal survival. Must a mind that has adapted itself to powerlessness also suffer damage beyond repair? In her sharply written and disturbing first novel, *Housekeeping*, Marilynne Robinson implies that, yes, it must: a personality can no more heal itself than a body can regenerate frost-taken limbs. Certainly the childhood of Ruth Stone, heroine-narrator of *Housekeeping*, gives her reason enough to defend against further loss. Following her mother's suicide, Ruth and her younger sister, Lucille, live precariously in Fingerbone, a rural village in the far Northwest. There, they are cared for by a remote, though competent, grandmother who, in but a few years' time, herself "eschews awakening." After her death, responsibility for the girls passes to eccentrics, first to a pair of parrot-like spinsters and then to Sylvie, their grandmother's youngest daughter—a shy, dream-haunted vagrant. Moreover, before the girls are fully grown, they have grown far apart; like all her relatives except Sylvie, Ruth's sister, too, abandons her. This childhood of sequential desertion shapes Ruth's fate: it sharpens her sense of impending disaster, alienates her from her stolid neighbors and curiously blurs her ability to distinguish between nightmare and memory, thought and experience.

In effect, Ruth's sense of reality is permeated by the watery chill of Fingerbone Lake. Although the lake allows her hometown a tentative presence on one of its banks, it reclaims this territory in seasonal floods and capriciously erodes the security of those who live along its shore. In its depths lies Ruth's mother, who drives off a cliff after leaving her two daughters on her own mother's screened porch with their luggage and a box of pacifying graham crackers. And the lake conceals, as well, the body of Ruth's grandfather, who drowned along with some hundred others in a mid-bridge train derailment. "One is always aware of the lake," Ruth tells us,

> or the deeps of the lake, the lightless, airless waters below. When the ground is plowed in the spring, cut and laid open, what exhales from the furrows but that same, sharp, watery smell. The wind is watery, and all the pumps and creeks and ditches smell of water unalloyed by any other element. At the foundation is the old lake, which is smothered and nameless and altogether black. Then there is Fingerbone, the lake of charts and photographs. . . . And above that, the lake that rises in the spring and turns the grass dark and coarse as reeds. And above that the water suspended in sunlight, sharp as the breath of an animal, which brims inside this circle of mountains.

While her fellow citizens find the town, despite its uncertain existence, "pleasant and ordinary," Ruth Stone is convinced from childhood that she lives in a drowning world.

By the end of the novel, this conviction has set her dangerously apart from her community; but even initially, Ruth distrusts those who, like her grandmother, expect to stave off "the forces of ruin" with ordinary virtues and energetic housekeeping. Starch, after all, does not arrest universal decay, and brooms cannot sweep away an inheritance of abandonment, bereavement and loss. And so, Ruth's view of her grandmother is tinged with irony:

> She conceived of life as a road down which one traveled, an easy enough road through a broad country, and that one's destination was there from the very beginning, a measured distance away, standing in the ordinary light like some plain house where one went in and was greeted by respectable people and was shown to a room where everything one had ever lost or put aside was gathered together, waiting. She accepted the idea that at some time she and my grandfather would meet and take up their lives again, without the worry of money, in a milder climate.

When her sister adopts a harsh adolescent conventionality to shut out family memories, her efforts are similarly rendered absurd. Ruth's irony, invested with the author's own wit and skill, seems unerring and attractive—until we realize that this irony has as its obverse her utter despair. In fact, the same narrative voice that dismisses domestic

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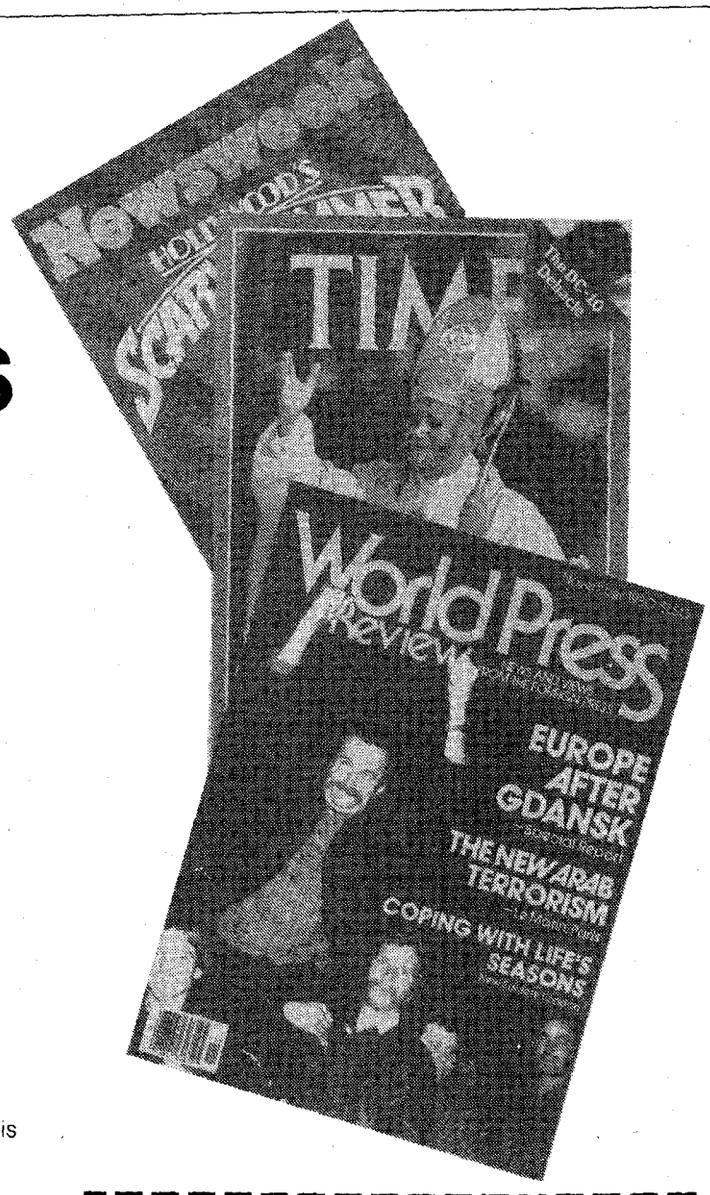

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apotheosis and teenage self-improvement tells us of the human condition that "it is better to have nothing, for at last even our bones will fall. It is better to have nothing."

Unfortunately, in *Housekeeping* there is no alternative to Ruth's despairing nihilism, since throughout the novel, the voice of the narrator and the voice of the author remain indistinguishably allied. And if the narrator gains depth of character from this alliance, the focus of *Housekeeping* suffers a loss of accuracy and edge. Clearly enough, the novel's faults do not originate in Robinson's command of language: she can write brilliantly; she possesses impressive lyric power and comedic range. Instead, problems arise from her unquestioning elaboration of events within a single frame, highly warped and psychologically restrictive. Robinson allows her readers to see only as Ruth sees, and Ruth's vision is strategic, a defense against final loss.

"Even the illusion of perimeters fails," Ruth tells us, "when families are separated." As Bettelheim points out, in extreme situations, with only a hope of mere existence, the self is likely to discontinue ego functions such as the maintenance of perceptual boundaries and, in effect, to declare that it can live on its own dreams. The dreamer, of course, will still find the world terrifying, but he may find it companionable as well, since the terrors that fill it are now his own. "One's own dread," Ruth says, "is always mirrored upon the dread that inheres in things." This mirroring "always" occurs, however, only if one adopts Ruth's way of seeing—and she has generalized her childhood fears into laws of nature so that wherever she goes, she is inevitably at home.

From Ruth's perspective, the boundaries between past and present, appearance and substance, dream and reality have permanently dissolved. And although such dissolution brings her pain, it also offers her a disproportionate sense of mastery; for if past and present are one, then those who seemed to desert her never really left. Similarly, if substance is only the "illusion of perimeters," then her abandoners were merely figments to begin with, hardly to be mourned; or, finally, if dream and reality coalesce, then the mind can alter circumstance by fiat, and imagination can successfully restore to her the missing and the dead.

> For need can blossom into all the compensations it requires. To crave and to have are as like as a thing and its shadow. For when does a berry break upon the tongue as sweetly as when one longs to taste it, and when is the taste refracted into so many hues and savors of ripeness and earth, and when do our senses know anything so utterly as when we lack it? . . . For to wish for a hand on one's hair is all but to feel it. So whatever we may lose, very craving gives it back to us again. Though we dream and hardly know it, longing, like an angel, fosters us, smooths our hair, and brings us wild strawberries.

This is a tortured argument, both in its origin and in its effect. Indeed far too often in *Housekeeping*, event and observation cease so that Ruth can contemplate her atemporal, dimensionless awareness, which seems to constitute the only world she wishes to recognize. Such moments bring *Housekeeping* to a standstill: "What is thought, after all, what is dreaming," she asks, "but swim and flow, and the images they seem to animate?" Regrettably, Ruth intends not only to ask her troubled rhetorical questions but also to answer them at length. And whenever she does, Robinson's otherwise graceful prose labors perceptibly, straining to make meritorious what is essentially a case for psychological self-mutilation. □

MUSIC.

DAVID HAMILTON

MOZART: *Piano Sonatas in F major, K. 332, and B-flat major, K. 333. Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Nonesuch N 78004. $9.98.*

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Sonatas in E-flat major, Op. 27, No. 1, and C-sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2.* MOZART: *Rondos in D major, K. 485, and A minor, K. 511. Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Nonesuch H 71377. $5.98.*

The "original instruments" movement, the dominant trend in the performance of Baroque music for more than a decade, has now come glissandoing into the Classical and Romantic periods. Nothing less than the sound of what most of us regard as "standard repertory" is at stake. Most early recordings of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven on museum pianos sounded—well, decidedly antiquated, and that could not be right. The instruments were in erratic operating condition, perhaps because restorers were understandably reluctant to deal too firmly with historical artifacts. he players were digitally ill at ease with the old and uneven actions, and frequently musically unsteady as well.

Now Malcolm Bilson makes a much more convincing case, on recordings that should receive wide distribution. Philip Belt's modern copies of historic fortepianos offer a tonal evenness and stability rarely heard from their museum prototypes, and Bilson has thoroughly mastered their technical characteristics. The advantages of these far-from-primitive instruments are immediately audible: the firm but lean bass register, a substantial dynamic range (Bilson can play out on these instruments without fear of the twanginess that beset most earlier recordings), a subtly various tonal palette. The playing is, moreover, both thoughtful and idiomatic; one might quibble about small points of phrasing and dynamics, but the important thing is that we are now talking about a competence of instrument and player comparable to that found on modern-piano recordings of this literature.

This is all admirable, and I would not want my further reflections on the "original instruments" trend to reflect unfavorably on the very real achievements of the scholars, instrument makers and players involved. But I do hope that playing Beethoven on a Steinway will not henceforth be declared an indictable offense (a sentiment that appears to lurk behind Prof. Robert Winter's generally informative liner notes). One reason, at least, is historical: the fact that the piano changed so much in the years after 1780 strongly suggests that its earlier forms were found wanting. Many composers of this period were accomplished pianists and may be assumed to have been among the leading spirits in this development. Whatever was sacrificed in the course of improving the instrument, there were also gains, and sensible modern pianists devise ways to offset some of the losses.

One of the acquisitions of the developing piano was a volume level sufficient to be heard in larger halls; the kind of public concert to which we are accustomed was not possible with the fortepiano. Bilson's instruments can ap-

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parently be heard satisfactorily in, say, New York's Abraham Goodman concert hall, but would not work in anything as large as the standard thousand-seat recital hall. For authentic instruments to be effective in concert, authentic acoustics are required, and that will take some restructuring of our concert life. In the meantime, recordings have once again proved their pervasive influence, for the disk has been responsible for most of the publicity and dissemination of the "authentic" sound of Baroque and Classical music.

I put that adjective in quotes because recordings also do something else: they encourage a certain skepticism toward claims of "authenticity." We can hear, for example, many "authentic" recordings of twentieth-century music that are full of errors large and small—just as informed scholars have often hinted that had we recordings of Bach's own performances, we would be appalled by their defects. No, certainly the interpretation of documentary and physical evidence about performance practice needs to be informed with common sense and musicality, and it will thus inevitably also be informed with the sensibility of the interpreter and his own age. Given the perspective of time, we can perceive that the performances of, say, Wanda Landowska—the cutting edge of "authenticity" in her day—often had as much to do with the nineteenth century as with the eighteenth. No doubt today's approximations of early-music performances are more knowledgeable than what went on fifty years ago—but I'll bet that these Bilson performances will be deemed to sound "very late-twentieth-century" by listeners of 2030 A.D.

And no bad thing, either, for if performance were to become nothing but historical reconstruction it would lose all validity. Before Arnold Dolmetsch and Landowska and others began to resurrect old instruments and traditions, "early music," when played, was played pretty much in the style of, and on the same instruments as, then-new music. Other possibilities were not even considered; as part of a living (and, in most places, unitary) tradition of music-making, musicians felt quite secure about doing this—a security that our age has lost, perhaps because we no longer have a single central style of composition either.

All this makes life complicated for modern performers, who are now expected to be conversant with a wide range of stylistic possibilities and to master the historical distinctions and practices that define each style. The almost inevitable consequence has been greater specialization—and we have seen in other areas that this entails losses as well as gains. Pianists of fifty years ago, such as Edwin Fischer or Artur Schnabel, ranged in repertory from Bach to Brahms, and they played Brahms on the basis of intimate familiarity with all of the keyboard literature that the composer had known. Today, pianists shy away from Bach lest they be criticized for being "unhistorical," and, unless they play much more of his music in their studios than at their recitals, their experience and understanding is surely impoverished. When Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert have similarly been ruled out of the literature permissible on a modern grand piano (and, if rumblings from the academy are to be credited, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms may someday be similarly outlawed), an important historical and artistic fact—the unity of the "common-practice" period in composition, from 1700 to 1900—will have been seriously undermined in performance. I cannot imagine this to be desirable, unless and until it becomes certain that modern sensibilities have definitely lost touch with that tradition—as one occasionally fears on hearing today's more unfelt performances.

The yen for authentic sound can surely be related to contemporary practice in composition, for an unparalleled fascination with timbre does seem an earmark of much recent music. Yet it is quite clear that (*pace* Professor Winter) timbre did not have a structural role in the time of Mozart and Beethoven; handmade, even one-of-a-kind instruments could hardly have been counted on to deliver subtle timbral distinctions with any consistency. To the Classical composers, structure resided in melody, harmony, rhythm—the elements that remained invariant whatever the instrument, and which are preserved in a good performance on a modern piano. Bilson has said that he now prefers a mediocre performance on an "authentic" instrument to a good one on a "wrong" instrument—but to many listeners, that mediocre performance will be more destructive of the music's essential structure than would be a simple change in tonal characteristics.

These questions don't have simple answers—or, I think, even single ones. In an art built upon performance, the possibility of variety is inherent, and to be treasured. It is good that we can now hear Mozart and Beethoven played well on a fortepiano as well as on a modern piano. And, equally, that we might ponder such stimulatingly ahistorical artifacts as another recent record (Nonesuch H 71375) on which a distinctly twentieth-century pianist, Paul Jacobs, plays transcriptions made circa 1900 by Ferruccio Busoni, of organ chorale-preludes by Bach and Brahms. In either case, the interplay of minds and fingers over great spans of time is an essential element of the experience, to be encouraged rather than suppressed in the name of an uncertain and probably unattainable authenticity. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Man of Marble

It took Andrzej Wajda thirteen years to gain official permission to make *Man of Marble*. When it opened in 1977 in Wroclaw, the audience rose and sang the Polish national anthem. Three million Poles (in a population of thirty-five million) saw the film in the next three months. The version they saw—and which we now see—had been cut by the censors, the final ten minutes or so being particularly mutilated, so that the ending is abrupt and ambiguous. The picture could not receive a Polish critics award and was not allowed to represent Poland at the Cannes festival (where, however, it ran at a commercial theater and won the International Critics Prize). Over the past few years it has been recognized in the West as a masterpiece of the Polish cinema.

Man of Marble is a film about making a film, and the tribulations of its heroine, a young director, parallel those of Wajda when he was struggling to make the picture and have it shown. Like the Hungarian film *Angi Vera*, it harks back to the 1950s, when Russia and all its satellites were caught in Stalin's fist. Then the old, mad tyrant died; his grip was relaxed and it became possible in some degree to speak out. Still, the new generation of rulers preferred that their peoples look forward to ever sunnier futures; any

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brooding on the cruel past, particularly any disclosure of the deceptions practiced on a naïve public, made the party nervous—as Agnieszka, the film maker of Wajda's story, finds out.

She is attached to a television studio, engaged in making a documentary for her "diploma" film, and in some old newsreel footage she comes across a Stakhanovite hero, a bricklayer named Mateusz Birkut, who took part in the crash program to build the industrial city of Nowa Huta. This peasant, an enthusiastic, innocent youth, had been made an embodiment of the new Poland. Posters celebrating him hung in the streets; he appeared at morale-building rallies, speechless but with sheaves of flowers in his arms; a colossal marble statue was carved in his likeness and set up in a public square. But twenty years later it was no longer there, and Agnieszka, who had been a little girl in the days of Birkut's glory, had never heard of him. Despite the warnings of her supervisor that she would be invading "classified" areas, that she would be much wiser to document "facts" like the brilliant production record of a new steel plant, she sets herself the task of uncovering the chapters missing from Birkut's life.

The politics surrounding *Man of Marble* tend to draw attention from the quality of the film and the brilliance of its construction. Wajda develops it along three tracks. First there are the black-and-white "newsreels." Some of these shots are actual footage from Polish film archives; others, in which the actor Jerzy Radziwilowicz appears as Birkut, are faked. But the counterfeit clips are so perfect, both in technical quality and in the tone of cloying self-congratulation that characterized the Communist propaganda of the period, that you can spot them only by content.

The other two tracks are in color. One of them follows the director as she gets about with her two-man camera crew, searching out the people who had known Birkut in the old days. Agnieszka is not a woman whom everyone would find attractive. She has courage and she is fiercely honest; she is also brash, histrionic and driven equally, one guesses, by a desire to uncover the truth about Birkut and an ambition to produce a television sensation. She pushes in where she's not wanted, asking questions that hurt. All in all, she is an uncomfortable personality, and exactly, you may agree, the sort to venture on a ticklish project against heavy odds.

One after another, Agnieszka interviews the director, now famous, who first spotted the cinematic possibilities in the then-docile Birkut; a police agent, now manager of a porn club, who watched over the national hero; Witek, Birkut's friend and co-worker, now manager of a vast steelworks; Birkut's wife, befurred and drunken. As they talk, unwillingly and yet with nostalgia for a lost faith, the second color track displays the reality behind the Birkut legend.

That much accomplished, Agnieszka shows a rough print of her work to her studio superiors and they turn it down. It is uninteresting, they say, and incomplete; where, after all this, is Birkut today? The director is deprived of her crew and told she is of no further use to her employers. Nevertheless, she persists and finally discovers Birkut's son working in the Gdansk shipyards. He tells her that his father is dead, and at that point the film begins to lose continuity, jumping to a final shot in the TV studios where the young man and Agnieszka are seen marching, it would appear triumphantly, down the corridor along which the story began.

Until these last moments, *Man of Marble* has been edited with the most elegant finesse, weaving together with no confusion and at a high level of suspense and excitement the present, the past as officially recorded and the past as its survivors knew it. In the process, Birkut grows from a compliant shill of the regime into a tireless champion of what the regime professes to represent. He grows, that is, from clown to holy fool—one who believes that states, like men, should practice what they preach. That is the cause of his downfall, as those who cared for him had warned it would be: both he and Witek are denounced and jailed.

But why should an accurate chronicle of Birkut's career have so troubled the post-Stalin rulers of Poland? For one thing, bureaucrats in dictatorships (and probably all bureaucrats) dislike criticism of the status quo, even by hindsight. More specifically, Gdansk was the site of the bloody strike of 1970, and one grapevine report is that in the original script Birkut died during that affair. Further, Wajda is bent on exposing not only the brutal hypocrisy of the bad old days but also the self-serving complacency of recent years. All those whom Agnieszka interviews have become fat cats: they resist talking to her because they have made peace with power and have prospered accordingly. But the Poles have not prospered and Wajda's demonstration of how one climbs the greasy pole cannot have made them more resigned to their lot.

One can't be sure, but *Man of Marble*, which moved an audience to rise from its seats and sing, may have helped set the stage for the current challenge to authority. The wonder is that the film was ever released, even in its cut version. My guess is that the censors find it awkward to discipline Wajda (he as much as challenges them to do so by his account of Agnieszka's plight). He is the most popular director, of plays as well as movies, in Poland, and, what with the international fame of *Kanal* and *Ashes and Diamonds*, a man whose problems catch the attention of the outside world. But these notions are political speculation, and I prefer to urge *Man of Marble* upon you as a compelling human story, most ingeniously told. Whatever its significance for the apparat, for the rest of us it is a work of art. □

THEATER.

STEPHEN HARVEY

The Pirates of Penzance

Gilbert and Sullivan have always languished, for me at least, in the realm of the theoretically terrific, like George Eliot or *Les Troyens*. Mavens proclaim their confections the most saucily iconoclastic musical comedies yet penned, but the treatment they usually get from game amateurs and stiff-jointed opera troupes is enough to turn a wavering skeptic into a die-hard agnostic. At best such renditions offer two hours plus of whimsical kitsch, replete with coyly arthritic posturings from the onstage chorus and temperate chitterings by the strings in the orchestra pit. If you're really lucky, the perpetrators will demonstrate how thoroughly modern they are by gilding these primroses with updated gags. (Some sort of low in this school was reached during a D'Oyly Carte tour of *The Mikado* here about ten years ago, in which Ko-Ko convulsed the colonials with asides about Beautiful Downtown Burbank and other homages to *Laugh-*

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In—grafted onto a production which otherwise resembled the second national company of *Hitchy-Koo of 1918*.)

Since these operettas were such canny hybrids of opera and music hall to begin with, it's only sensible to restore their pleasures to present-day audiences via an infusion of the slick eclecticism of our own musical comedy traditions. At Joseph Papp's behest, director Wilford Leach spent last summer in Central Park industriously scraping the barnacles off *The Pirates of Penzance*. In the best New York Shakespeare Festival revival spirit, this *Pirates*—now ensconced at the Uris Theater—never (well, hardly ever) subverts the essence of the piece, though it larks about considerably with the manner in which it has heretofore been packaged. The orchestra is half electronic combo, half Victorian oom-pah band; the cast runs the spectrum from venerable West End expatriate George Rose to teen angel Rex Smith, with considerable shadings in between, and Graciela Daniele's choreography wittily rummages through everything from early Mack Sennett to middle period Arthur Freed-M-G-M musical to late Michael Bennett. Yet the whole is the very model of a confident cohesion, for which praise be to Major General Leach himself.

Having been one of the few who loathed the Crazy Eddie raunchery of Leach's *The Mandrake* at the Public Theater a few years ago, I was braced for a full measure of splay-footed giddiness from his musical buccaneers. It's all there all right, yet these brigands are far funnier to my taste than Leach's late collection of Renaissance revelers ever were because they don't quite seem to be in on the joke. If they happen to trip over themselves, it's not from mirth at their own capers, but pure choreographed klutziness. And that's the not-so-innocent source of so much merriment among all these reborn Savoyards; nearly all of Leach's assembled ninnies, poseurs and naïfs cavort with the fleet-footed determination of true believers. Kevin Kline's Pirate King, for one, thinks he's pretty splendid, blouse unbuttoned to somewhere south of the sternum, sinews tensing for the serious business of bounding around operetta-land with the vigor of the inveterate show-off. When his followers quake and crouch at the umpteenth flourish of his scepter, self-preservation is the cue rather than awe at this valor. The Pirate King is so rapt in parading his panache that he might inadvertently dismember someone if his knavish band doesn't watch out for itself. Forget Errol Flynn—Kline's daft coxcomb really resembles Gene Kelly at his most parodistically sexy, à la the rococo Macoco in *The Pirate*, or the orotund Dueling Cavalier of *Singin' in the Rain*.

The Major General's sprightly gaggle of daughters are made of pretty dauntless stuff themselves. They bounce and twitter down the runway girdling the orchestra like girl goslings out of a D.W. Griffith two-reeler, because that's the role dutifully assumed by belles of their decorous, nouveau-riche station. Never mind that genes (and clever casting) destined them to resemble an ill-matched assortment of frizz-maned ostriches and round-bottomed ducks. Should Smith's juvenile serenade them with a plea for one maiden whose homeliness will be rewarded by his pure reverence for the feminine sex, his crooned plaint goes willfully unheeded since it could scarcely be directed at the likes of *them*. The "Poor Wandering One" himself has got to be the most unsullied sap in the musical canon this side of Siegfried. It's young Frederic's tabula rasa rectitude which makes him funny, with plenty of room left over for vocalized rapture besides. Where's the comic counterpoint in "How Beautifully Blue the Sky" if our lovelorn hero is as fussily fraudulent as inamorata Mabel's spying sisters? Anyone who'd seen *On the Twentieth Century* might have expected seamless stylishness from Kevin Kline, but Rex Smith's theatrical assurance is the unexpected fringe benefit of this *Pirates*. Under Leach's direction, he's all peach-fuzz ardor with a tremulous tenor to match. Smith is so ingenuously direct throughout that I rather regretted the Elvis-moan interpolation tacked on to the last notes of "Oh, Is There Not One Maiden Breast"; it got a huge laugh from the house to be sure, but a cheap one, since Frederic ought to be the last one on stage to realize what latent moxie he possesses.

Just about every other of the thousand giggles unleashed during *Pirates* is earned in full measure. Gilbert's double-time patter is delivered with relish and with every syllable intact by Kline and the redoubtable Rose, who seems to be having an especially wonderful time for himself, one wrist merrily awave and torso wagging in meter to the music. Most of the ensembles are an inspired blend of precision and inventiveness. The daughters' horrified shriek and concomitant flurry of primping and posing at the unexpected approach of Real Live Men was the most mirthful bit in any musical this season, until it was topped in the second act by the pirates' deafeningly bellowed boast of their stealth "With Catlike Tread" while laying siege to the Major General's manse.

Yet both Leach and musical director/arranger William Elliott also have the wit to know when it's time to lay off the clowning. Frederic and Mabel's moonlit exchange of endearments during the "Stay, Frederic, Stay" duet could scarcely have been more touching and simple, with Karla De Vito quite capably substituting for an indisposed Linda Ronstadt at the performance I attended. Leach even resists the temptation of goosing the jingoistic finale for a few more inches of irony. Nobody could possibly outwit Gilbert and Sullivan at this genre, and most everyone involved in this production has enough confidence in what they're doing never to try.

In fact, *The Pirates of Penzance* is so consistently vivacious that an occasional lapse which might pass unnoticed in a lesser entertainment looms far more conspicuously here. The ashen visage and terrified-fish stare Tony Azito applies to his Police Sergeant are so bizarrely overstylized that you wonder whether he tarried too long in the Richard Foreman *Threepenny Opera* after all. As the only addition to the principals since the Central Park engagement, Estelle Parsons, as Frederic's all-too-faithful nanny Ruth, has a few uphill wrangles with Gilbert's prickly locutions and Sullivan's vocal demands.

However, the most troublesome distractions, both visual and aural, can really be blamed on the unseemly barn presently housing this production. After a while, Leach's skewed-angle tangle of Keystone bobbies looks rather forced and forlorn, dwarfed by the cavernlike vastness of the Uris proscenium. As this theater is notorious for its particularly atrocious acoustics, some amplification was imperative. Yet while the metallic echo-chamber effect concocted by *Pirates*' sound engineer may have been keen for Kiss (one of his previous employers) it's positively maddening here. If Papp had only berthed his production in a cozier harbor, *The Pirates of Penzance* would really have been Utopia, Unlimited. □

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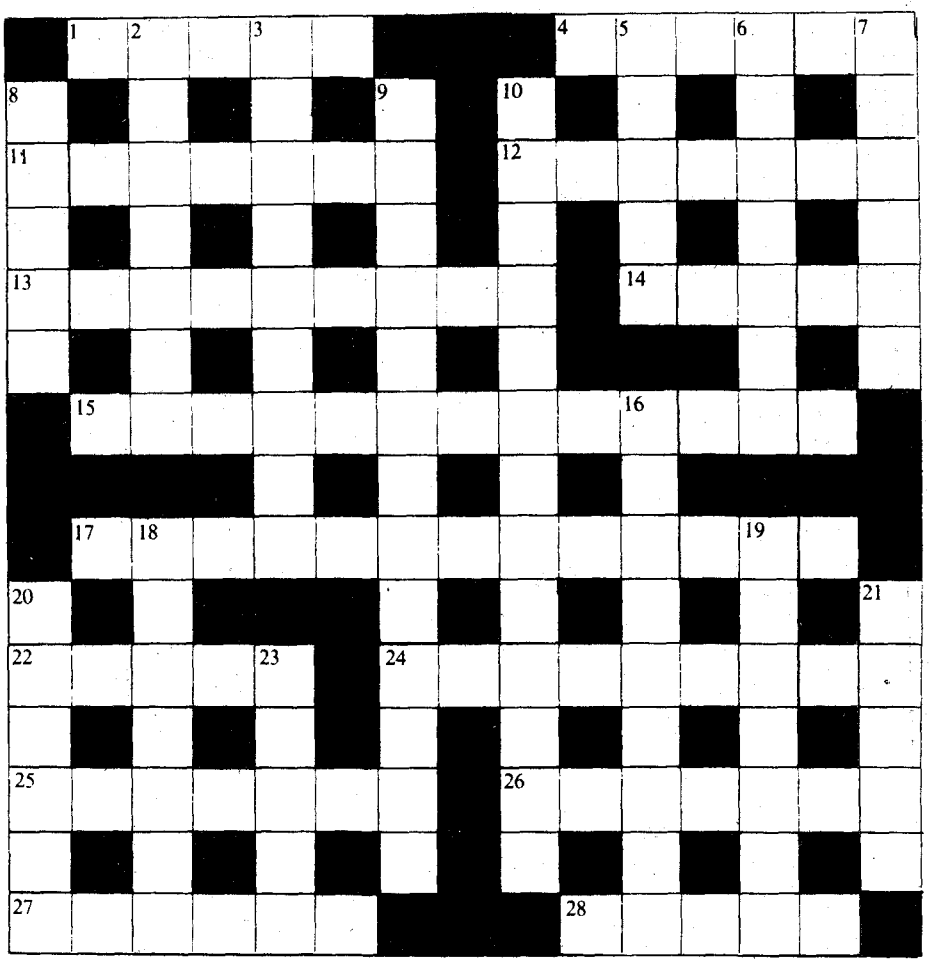
Crossword Puzzle No. 1854

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Cranks something from the ocean, perhaps. (5)
4 Equivalent to dit-dah-dit-dit—at least a little bit. (6)
11 Being no longer simple, make it clear. (7)
12 Puts wrong painting on it for a late arrival, possibly. (7)
13 Not a full term in the navy, but enough to tie something down. (4-5)
14 Turner might be familiar with such a bilingual article. (5)
15 "Advt." might appear here, but it's not worth paying attention to. (7,6)
17 Radiation loses a count around it, according to established custom. (13)
22 Seeks to elicit information on women's feet, perhaps. (5)
24 Stir well, or—or—or—it's what makes some things smell good! (9)
25 Falls back again to the sun god. (7)
26 Is it unusually vain to have a season in Paris, or just artlessness? (7)
27 Something was so in a certain northern 23. (6)
28 Is part of the robbery likely to be a gem? (5)

DOWN

2 Concerning what should beat and drive an assailant back. (7)
3 The mayor of Laguna and Omaha, for example. (9)
5 Variety of louse related to the merle. (5)
6 One's past iconography shows a type of paralysis. (7)
7 and 20 "Dear Sir," for example, is almost bound to have a point. (6,6)
8 Where they drank to forget? (5)
9 Having good will and a wider reputation in advertising, this month it has the keynote something charged to Mr. Smith. (13)
10 Book publishers sometimes do—as well as photographers who have just seen things develop in a hurry. (4,4,5)
16 Things happen this way to sweat! (9)
18 Butter portion watched over, according to national song. (7)
19 Not exactly the sort of solo you'd find with an English cathedral. (7)
20 See 7 down
21 A girl of 8 sounds as though she might be radical in assisting transportation. (5)
23 The condition of New York, say? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1853

ACROSS: 1 Electric shaver; 9 Feeders; 10, 3 and 13 down A word to the wise is sufficient; 11 Cosmic; 12 Herdsman; 14 Prelude; 17 and 21 down Tailspins; 19 Fiddler; 21 Pull back; 23 Devise; 25 Noisome; 26 Tremolo; 27 Albert Einstein. DOWN: 1 Efficient; 2 Evens up; 4 and 15 across Ipso facto; 5 Scareheads; 6 Avoid; 7 Endemic; 8 Soon; 15 Falseness; 16 On the town; 18 Ill will; 20 Rhizome; 22 Broke; 24 Etui.

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Your mellow wisdom, gained from your 115 years of weekly existence, has enlightened us in the past. Now I'm wondering if there is some secret of the meaning of life that you would like to share with us?

Secrets? You want secrets, go file a Freedom of Information Act request. I don't believe in secrets. That's why I proposed the Spy Library.

The Spy Library? What's that?

It's an open-shelf library containing all of our current secrets. It would be open to all spies who can prove a sincere interest in espionage. They could search through the card catalogues and check out any secrets they like.

But I don't understand. Wouldn't that be helping them do their work?

Oh, no. You see, under the present classification system the Government does the spies' work for them. Now our secrets are labeled according to their importance—Top Secret, for the really big stuff, down to Confidential, for small-potatoes secrets. In the Spy Library, the foreign agents would have to figure out for themselves what's important.

I see. Do you have any other ideas like that?

Oh sure. All the time. My Swiss missile bank, for example. It would solve the problem of stationing U.S. missiles in Europe. We'd deposit them in Swiss bank accounts, and the trusty Swiss bankers would hide them in various Alps. As everybody knows, you can trust a Swiss banker to keep a secret. So the Europeans wouldn't have to worry about missiles on their soil and the Soviet Union wouldn't feel threatened.

I thought *The Nation* was a serious magazine of current affairs and the arts. Those ideas sound like *Mad* magazine.

My friend, it's a mad world. Sometimes the most outrageous ideas make more sense than what our Government is selling. Take the MX missile. Only Alfred E. Neuman could have dreamed that one up. Most of the time, though, I just try to make sense out of the world as it comes. And if *you* subscribe to *The Nation*, maybe you can too. Just fill out that handy coupon over on the right.

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